













THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.







AN EMBROIDERER UNMINDFUL OF HIS APPLE-STALL.





# THREE CITIES

IN

# RUSSIA.

BY

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Illustrated with Maps and Wood-Engravings.

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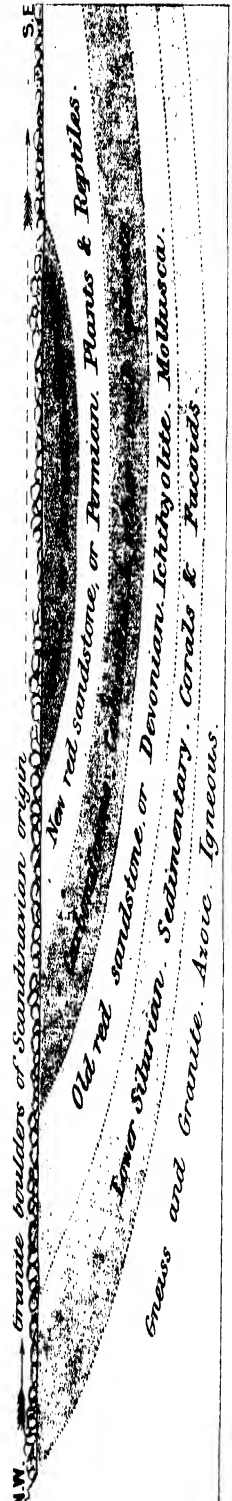
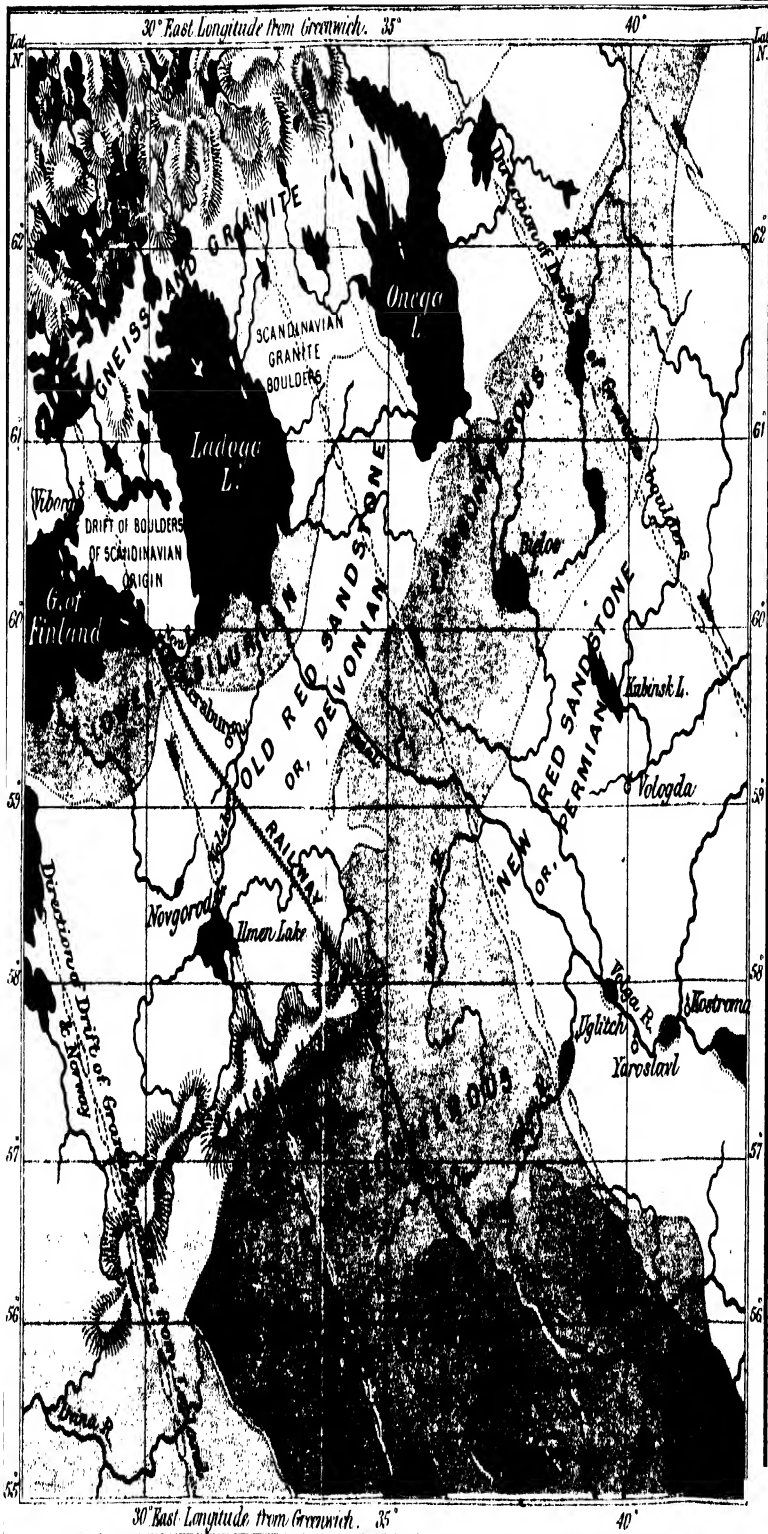
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“It is a feature of tyranny to keep a country always in a state of agitation ; for tyrants make their own safety out of the discord, and mutual oppositions of the people. But it belongs to royalty to preserve undisturbed the peace of a community ; because, in the safety and prosperity of their subjects, is placed the fulcrum of the power of Kings.”—*Epistle of Photius, to Michael, King of the Bulgarians*, A.D. 869.





GEOLOGICAL SECTION FROM FINLAND, THROUGH THE GREAT RUSSIAN PLAIN  
IN A GENERALLY S.E. DIRECTION.

S. del.

Verneuil & Keyserling

# GEOLOGICAL MAP OF THE OLD & NEW CAPITALS OF RUSSIA.

AFTER MURCHISON, VERNEUIL & KEYSERLING.





## ERRATA TO VOL. II.

- Page 4, line 24, "and" to be inserted after "waves" and in the next line to be deleted after "distance."
- .. 6, line 16, *for f read of.*
- .. 7, line 46, *for in read from.*
- .. 51, line 9, *for Svatoslav read Sviatoslav.*
- .. 115, line 4, insert "of" after "hardest."
- .. 119, line 15, *for Stephenson read Stevenson.*
- .. 160, foot-note, *for Plate III. read Plate II.*
- .. 200, line 24, *for  $\frac{12}{20}$  read  $\frac{8}{20}$ .*
- .. 220, line 23, *for ome read some.*
- .. 239, line 11, *for too read to.*
- .. 274, line 16, *for rooms' read rooms.*
- .. 276, line 25, *for lso read also.*
- .. 278, foot-note, *for o read to.*
- .. 282, foot-note, *for vi. read iii.*
- .. 358, line 1, *for became read become.*
- .. 462, line 7, after "He" insert "the Baron."
- .. 511, line 16, *for soared read pointed.*
- .. 544, entry 16, *for "—" insert "Struve."*



# THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.

## PART II. MOSKVA.

(CONTINUED.)

“The language of the heavens is floating through the sky, and encompassing the city with its glorious hymn.”—*Mouravieff*.

G. S. EDWARDS.

# THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.

## PART II. MOSKVA.

(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A CLIMATE CHANGE.

September 5th and 6th.

THE morning of the 5th, strangely contrasting with every other since we had arrived in Moskva, broke dull and sombre; and on going forth at an early hour, we were met by a great black coach drawn by four black horses, and accompanied by bare-headed men in black robes. No human being was inside, but on the seat of honour there reposed the picture of the Iverskaya Mother, and it was being taken, we were informed, to a sick and dying person.

We had carried out our camera on this occasion, in order to photograph the belfry and upper crosses of the church of "the birth of the Virgin Mary;" but had to retreat presently under cover of an arch-

way on account of sudden rain. Heavily and more heavily it poured,—in so far, not an unpleasant following after the recent trying heats, but in a few minutes the water-pipes from all the neighbouring houses began to manifest themselves. Inconceivably impudent things that these were! Those of St. Petersburg had been bad enough, gushing out at about a foot or fifteen inches from the ground, but those of Moskva, shot forth their charge, from round four-inch mouths, at a height of three and a half feet! A pretty sop they would have made of a lady's dress, had she endeavoured to walk any distance along the pavement, unceasingly running the gauntlet of these envious spouts.

After we had watched these cascades for a time, growing in fuss and fury with any increasing intensity of the rain, and ever as it slackened, decreasing and only bubbling and draining downward; or then once more tumbling out with headlong haste under the influence of a new shower,—we presently remarked, that, fed by many such side-streams a perfect little rivulet was now flowing along the middle of the street, with something like mill-race waves, several mouzhiks were at work in the distance, and diverting the water from bursting into a garden. (See Plate 3, Vol. II.)

Near them, however, were two water-pipes much worse than any yet seen, for they discharged at a

height of about seven feet from the ground, right over and upon the heads of many passengers ; and the plumbers of Moskva, funny fellows we suppose in private, had slit up the mouth of each pipe on its either side with a wavy opening, making it look like a crocodile's opening jaw ; and then just behind and above the upper corner of the said mouth, they had soldered on a couple of angular bits of tin like heraldic dragons' ears, bent backwards and implying a deal of vice. And when you saw the volumes of water these mouths were shooting, occasionally even into innocent pedestrians' faces, you could not but think that the ears told too true a tale.

About the middle of the day we repaired again, according to the Astronomer's kind invitation, to the Moskva Observatory, and were most agreeably entertained by his amiable family and himself up to a late hour, though the rainy, misty weather continued all the time. We were conducted after the early dinner into the instrument-room, to discuss any peculiarities of arrangement there, and their director called our attention to an unpretending yet effective scheme for enabling the fine spider-lines of his meridian circle, to be seen fiducially by reflection in a trough of mercury.

“ Ah ! if only I could accomplish that,” once sighed a now deceased, but in his day, most eminent, Continental astronomer, “ how accurately could I

adjust my large telescopes !” But though his theoretical knowledge enabled him to perceive what the consequences would be, his want of practical invention prevented him from bringing the optical feat about. The acute Dr. Steinheil of Munich, however, soon constructed him a special eye-piece for the purpose ; and almost every optician and every astronomer has since had his own particular form of, what is now generally called “ the collimating eye-piece ;” some of them not a little cumbrous, and almost all requiring the ordinary astronomical or star-observing eye-piece to be removed, whenever the collimating one is used.

But it was reserved for Professor Schweitzer to show, that a little film of “ Russian glass,” *i.e.* talc, if only a few grains in weight, held for the moment diagonally over any ordinary eye-piece, enables it to be used as effectually as most of those specially constructed to that end.

Another work in which our host had been engaged, and here with many assistants, was an inquiry into the latitude of Moskva, under the influence of local attraction. This local attraction is a new and rather strange matter, which has only been brought to light of late years with the increased accuracy of modern observation, and its explanation probably lies in causes which affect equally geographical astronomy and geology.



Hitherto, it had been always assumed, that, as long as you were out of the immediate reach of the attraction of visible mountains on the plumb-line, there was no other irregular action to be feared ; and consequently, the plumb-line direction, compared with the stars by astronomical observation, would always truly show the latitude of the place. But when this was differentially tested, as in the English arc of the meridian, by comparing the observed latitudes of each of a number of stations, with the mean of the whole, through the agency of linear measure along the surface of the ground conjoined with calculation, —lo ! there were found errors so large at some particular stations, that the only conclusion which could be drawn, was, that the plumb-line was permanently deflected in its true downward direction at such spot, by some cause, or causes beneath the surface.

An efficient and very likely cause, is always easy to suggest ; viz. that a large mass of trap rock, or heavy metal ore, has been exuded from the central regions of the earth, into the specifically lighter upper strata, in some abnormal manner as regards that special station. But the suggestion is not very satisfactory, for even its approximate proof would entail such extraordinary labour in observing, that it has never yet been accomplished thoroughly anywhere ; and it must in any practical case be very indeterminate. Hence there is not much to encou-

rage observers, amongst us at all events ; for in a country so replete as Great Britain is, with extravasations of trap on the surface, what wonder would it be to find out, after untold scientific labour, that there was a high probability of something of the same kind existing under the surface too !

In Russia, however, the case appeared different. Its strata are nearly level, as well as its plains ; and are almost entirely made up of undisturbed neptunian formations. Here, then, seemed the country of all others, where latitude observations should experience no anomalies ; and doubtless the founders of the Moskva Observatory never dreamt that there was anything to be said against the physics of the situation they had chosen. Yet, on its observed latitude, supposed to be accurate to one-tenth of a second, being compared, through trigonometrical measurement, with the latitudes of other well observed places at a distance, a difference of actually twelve seconds was found.

This set the Astronomer and the surveying officers actively at work, and they have now a network of nearly sixty stations in and about Moskva, at each of which the latitude, or what is equivalent to the downward direction of the plumb-line, has been most carefully measured by numerous observations on stars, repeated sometimes by two or three independent observers ; while they are all (the stations) connected

with each other and with distant stations by surface linear measures.

What, then, has been the result? Why, that the larger proportion of the stations are all of them sensibly deflected, but not one of them so much as the very Observatory of Moskva itself!

And what is the conclusion as to the cause? There the Professor was not able to speak so positively as he hoped in a few months more to be able to do. But he ventured so far as this, that whereas he first tried the supposition of a subterranean mass of extra specific gravity, he had now given that up in favour of a void and hollow space, in a different direction under the surface, and felt pretty confident that that would be borne out by the facts.

“*Un vide*,” as he expressed it, long rang in our ears; for, could this be an instance of Von Buch’s commencing “craters of elevation”? Russia cannot expect, for ever in the world’s history, to be exempt from those volcanic commotions that have so raised and utterly altered almost every other part of the earth. So we inquired if any of those preliminary signals of plutonic activity had been felt, viz. *earthquakes*, in this part of the country?

“Well, they are rarely or never felt in Russia; but history does record a most remarkable and violent one underneath Moskva itself.”

“And are there any notable trap ‘dykes’ to be

seen in or across the horizontal strata that form the neighbourhood?"

"No,"—not that our host knew of; but there was a place close by, where, from his description, we judged that the elsewhere soft, water-formed limestone must have been turned by heat into almost a crystalline marble in the very place where it stood.\*

Our hair now all but stood on end when hearing these successive particulars; for, putting them all together, there does really seem to have been here at one period something like a commencement for

\* A Russian friend, writing under date September, 1861, gives some further magnetic and comparative particulars; his whole communication is as follows:—

"I passed several days in Moskva with our friend Professor Schweitzer, Director of the Astronomical Observatory. We made observations of the splendid comet in July, and I saw it again pretty clearly on my return to Moskva in September. The Observatory is now on every account in a superior condition. A great and very excellent refractor is placed in a movable turret, solidly on a cast-iron support. This instrument is one of the most perfect refracting telescopes, and has been found to fulfil very satisfactorily Mr. Schweitzer's expectations.

"In the environs of Moskva, interesting researches are being made concerning local deviations of the direction of gravity, exceeding even those deviations which are found in Scotland near the Mount Schellien.

"Although about Moskva, as you may have remarked, the ground is level, there being no hills of any consequence, the said deviations exist and must be ascribed to local subterranean causes. It is remarkable that many disturbances in the direction of the compass are found in the same places."

a “crater of elevation,” viz. an extensive, though gentle hollow swelling-up, or blistering, under nearly horizontal neptunian strata, they at the time becoming plastic with subterranean heat; the same heat which from yet lower strata distilled the gases at high pressure to form the said hollow, the distillation being accompanied by those quakings of the crust which will occur immediately over and around any place where internal volcanoes are in activity.

Had, then, this growth of symptoms proceeded from a given early age with that degree of rapidity which a littoral, as an Andean, or a Javan position might have encouraged,—who can say but that the swelling up might not have gone on rapidly increasing, until the elasticity of the strata should at length have been overpassed. Then must have commenced a rupture of the rock, with an escape of the condensed gases and a falling in of the unsupported roof of the previous air-vault, giving rise thereby to an enormous pit, with precipitous internal sides and gently sloping outside. And if with that, a permanent communication should have been established between the atmosphere and the internal sources of heat, then there would have been an active volcano on the present site of Moskva, and Russia would from that moment have begun to experience roastings and hardenings of her old strata, and those intrusions or

overflows of lavas and greenstone of which she has never yet had her proper geological share.\*

Happily, however, for the Russian nation, their entire country has been for ages slowly but so extensively raised above the sea-level, that Moskva is now at a distance inland, at which modern volcanic action must be all but paralyzed, and countless ages will elapse before her Cambrian, Silurian, and Permian strata exhibit the same hardened, crystallized, and tormented aspect that those of our own country do wherever we meet with them.

On leaving the Observatory that evening about eight P.M., we were startled at the sudden coldness of the air; and as we drove homeward, the wind blew both without pity and through and through all our woollen garments, keen, constant, and icy cold. We had no sheepskin coats, like the happy driver, and our whole stock of animal heat, reduced to the lowest ebb, would have been dissipated and destroyed altogether had the journey lasted much longer than it did. A *private* droshky in Moskva, we have since

\* "Russia in Europe constitutes but one huge depository basin."

"Enormously wide horizontal deposits."

"The tranquilly-formed deposits of Russia."

"Vast regions in which there never has been the smallest eruption of plutonic or volcanic matter."

"This great Russian basin, void of all traces of eruptive rock."

*Murchison, Verneuil, and Keyserling*

heard, never goes any distance, at any season, without a supply of furs to meet occasions the like of this; and verily the Russians show great skill as well as hardy constitutions in dealing with their inveterate climate.

The next morning was clear and dry, but a bitter north-east wind was blowing, in which even the golden domes of the Kremle looked cold and steely. And better proof still, in our first walk after breakfast, we chanced to pass an oil-shop, where we had noticed on previous days their huge glass bottles, three feet high, filled with limpid oil, but to-day each one of them was a mass of hard opaque fat, frozen in a night!

At a neighbouring shop-window was a large and well-detailed Russian map of the city; this we scrutinized closely, and by supplementing its teachings to those of the skeleton indication in the Albemarle red-book, and adding thereto a deal of brisk walking, rendered all the brisker by the unexpected cold, we got before long a tolerably clear idea of the symmetrical arrangement of the city,—and a very different sort of symmetry, too, from what prevails in St. Petersburg, or any of the modern Russian towns and villages. In these, grand straight lines are the main features. But in Moskva, a central Kremle, wrapped round and round with curvilinear envelopes, like the germ of a plant lying coiled up and protected in the

midst of its seed-leaves, is the ruling principle. (See Map No. 2, Vol. I.)

In the precise place of such a botanical germ was here of course the Kremlé; but it did not constitute the whole of it, nor indeed the larger part; for it seems from its shape and size to have been pushed up into a corner, and compressed into a somewhat triangular figure by the greater bulk and strong vitality of its twin sister the "Kitai Gorod;" Chinese or Commercial city some translate it, though most Russian historians say that the name of "Kitai" was given by Helena Glenskaiya, the mother of Ivan the Terrible, in honour of the place of her birth, a city of Podolsk.

A goodly collection of many-domed golden churches has the Kitai Gorod; old battlemented walls too, strengthened at intervals by towers of defence, and pierced by ornamental gateways, quite in the Kremlé style, but they are of a lower and broader build generally; and in the space which they enclose, about four times as large as the holy citadel, are to be found shops and habitations of citizens closely packed together, all the chief merchants' stores with places of exchange\* or sale, and lastly the Gostinoi Dvor, that perpetual fair of all nations. In fact, it was into this Kitai Gorod that we had entered, through the medieval barbican, the first day of our walking in search of the Kremlé; and no wonder we



came on such a scene of unseemly crowding and unblushing overtures to enter into mercantile transactions.

Here, historically, in the Kitai Gorod, was to be found the people; there, in the Kremlé, the sovereign; and neither one nor the other at any time in the progress of Russia was supposed to form in itself, essentially or entirely, either the government or the nation. They were co-equal in origin and in estimation; or, if one was intrinsically the brighter, the other made up for that by greater extent, and practically neither could exist without the other.

These two enclosures then, the Kremlé and the Kitai Gorod, having been taken in their duality to represent the national germ, had been at an early age protected through the maternal care of national instinct, with the nearly circular envelope of the Beloi Gorod, or White City. This would have formed a complete ring round the other two, but for the river which occupies its place to the south, through about one-fifth of the circle.

In the Beloi Gorod we found the habitations of citizens, and institutions of a more advanced kind in the mental life of a young people; and still further progress of the same kind is found in the Zemlianoi Gorod, a circular envelope external to the Beloi Gorod, and it is complete in figure, for it crosses the river and encloses both the precious nucleus and the

Beloi Gorod, on the south, as well as on every other side.

“*Zemlianoi*” means the “Earthen” town, and is derived from a rampart of that material with which the then outward bounds of the city were surrounded in 1618, by Michael Phedorovitch, the first of the Romanov sovereigns; but there had been previously on the same site a wooden palisading, erected by Phedor Ivanovitch in 1591, after the recent invasion of Moskva by the Tahtars of the Krimea, the last expiring effort of those once dread Asiatics. (See Map No. 3, Vol. I.)

Between these two dates, what a whirlwind of troubles in the history of Russia! With Phedor Ivanovitch, the country was still ruled by the lineal heirs of Rurik. Under them it had thrown off the Tahtar yoke, and seen the Tahtar power crumble into dust before its armies. The mercantile nations of the West had then rushed in to claim them as men and brothers, and a happy era of peace and prosperity seemed beaming,—when suddenly Phedor died, and his young brother, the last of his line, was murdered under the regency of Boris Godunov, a connection only by marriage.

The nation was utterly confounded at the blow, and unable to conclude what to do. The free people, had themselves, in early times voluntarily called in the lately reigning line, under Rurik, and established

him and his descendants kings over them, standing ever by them firmly through bad and through good fortune as long as they remained to rule ; so now, that family having ended, it was theirs, the people's duty once more to decide what should be done. By means of statecraft and a powerful army, Boris hoped to make the country his own, and thought he was succeeding when he was really only barely tolerated by a people disinclined to needless political confusion. And this he found, when the pretender Otrepiev, calling himself the supposed murdered Dmitrii, appeared ; for though when this man came into the country from Poland with a large army from thence to support his claims to the Russian throne, the Russians met and overthrew him, him Otrepiev and his army too, and sent it flying back ; yet the moment Otrepiev dropped his nationally obnoxious allies the Poles, and rested his claims solely upon the pretence of being the real Dmitrii, the Russians flocked overwhelmingly to his standard, Boris and his short-reigned son Phedor perishing from before him.

This occurred in 1605 ; but long before the year 1606, it had also come to an end ; for though one telling public scene had been got up, wherein the mother of Dmitrii confessed to recognize her long-lost son in the usurper man ; and acknowledged that she had been compelled by force at the time of the supposed murder at Uglitch to own the corpse of

another boy, as that of her son,—yet the unmistakable instinctive feeling of a great people now told them, that they had got a successful pretender on their throne, and they discovered too surely that to the very fibres of his heart-strings, he was Polish, or the perfect antithesis of Russian.

As yet, though, they knew not where to look for another Rurik; and the usurper would have held a longer life of grace had not the nobles, who had something more immediately to gain, as well as to revenge, organized a hasty insurrection which led to Otrepiev's overthrow and death, and seated Prince Shuiskii on the throne. But that did not please the other nobles, and one got up an insurrection in one part of the country, and another in another. The land became divided against itself, as in the pre-Tahtar period, the Poles invaded Russia on the west and took Moskva, causing the death of Shuiskii and plundering the city cruelly;\* while the Swedes ad-

\* "This single case," says Levesque (vol. iv. p. 16), "will suffice to show the immense booty which was made by the Poles. They pillaged in the principal churches of Moskva the statues of Jesus Christ and the twelve Apostles, as large as life and cast in gold: a great number of tables silver-gilt, of ornaments, and of vases enriched with pearls and diamonds. The treasure of the Tsars was carried away, dispersed, and given to the soldiers, who had been without pay. These treasures, amassed through so many centuries, acquired by commerce or bought at the price of much blood, became the prey of those who tore the state to pieces in these later troubles."

vanced into the provinces of the north-west, taking the ancient city of Novgorod; and the Teutonic knights of the sword were delighted at an opportunity of making inroads once again upon a paralyzed people.

In fact, had there not been a mass of true nationality amongst the lower orders of the people, Russia must have tumbled to pieces and become annihilated in this period—from 1610 to 1613; with their reigning line cut short, their nobles and educated classes going altogether wrong, their Western enemies invading them and profiting by the national treason and distress, and all their chief cities, including holy Mother Moskva, in the hands of the domineering soldiery of Poland.

The scenes, the agonies, and the struggles compressed into those few years, must have been more than enough to make angels weep. Here for instance are two days only of them, as described by an author, Chopin, who is neither Pole nor Russian.

“On Tuesday of the Holy Week, there is a rumour of fighting in the Kitai Gorod: Gossevski (the Polish general in command of Moskva; the King of Poland, Sigismund, was at the time with another large army besieging Smolensk) issues from the Kremlé; he tries in vain to stop the carnage: the Poles pillage and kill: the Strelitz resist at the Tverskaya gate, while Pojarskii defends himself with courage in the Stretenka, and often repulses the Poles. There

were nearly one against ten: they struggle with courage but give way. All of a sudden the Captain Marzheret, who had served faithfully Godunov and the false Dmitrii; and whom the Hetman had received into the guard of the Polish king, sallies forth from the Kremlé, reanimates the Poles by his intrepidity, and makes a great carnage of the Russians. However, numbers are on the point of bearing him down, when an incendiary fire broke out at many points: a violent wind carried the flame against the Muscovites, and blinded them by the thick smoke. A great number of Russians quitted the combat to go and save their dwellings. Night put an end to the slaughter: all the city was in the greatest agitation, with the exception of the Kitai Gorod, where the enemy had entrenched himself, supported behind by the Kremlé.

“There they held still the pretence of a council: and decided at it that they would sacrifice Moskva to save the Poles. The next morning two thousand Germans set fire to different places, chasing the people from street to street. At the same instant two chiefs, Strouss, captain in the service of the Polish king, and Pléchtchéef, of the party of Liapounof, approached the burning city: the first overcame the Russians and entered Moskva, still defended by the valiant Pojarskii; who, exhausted and covered with wounds, was then conveyed by his men to the

Troitza Monastery. Moskva burned during two days: and this unfortunate capital, so often ruined by the Tahtars, hardly offered anything more than a mass of cinders."

But Russia has always shown an astonishing elasticity in rising from every blow, and invariably "improving the occasion" of each calamity; and hence it was precisely this most woful state of the country which presently called up those patriotic energies of hers that had always existed in the peasant class, though they had slumbered somewhat, so long as they were under the trusted guardianship of their legal Tsars. But now they manifested themselves, and in Nizhni-Novgorod, on the banks of the Volga, a city much more modern than its western namesake on the Volchov, but inhabited by a truly "Great-Russian" population, — the citizens were called together by Kozma Minin one of themselves, and by his inspiring eloquence induced to rise and combine for the preservation of their common country. Even more self-denying than Washington, Minin, with all the surrounding cities sending their sons to serve under him, and contributing their wealth to his growing war,—had no other object in view than to re-establish the royal line in its nearest branch on the throne; and thereby bring back a government, under which he or any other mere citizen-trader could never wield much power.

With these particular views, Minin conducted everything in perfect order; and, successfully repressing the intense feeling of hatred that his countrymen bore to the Poles when they were dominant in sacred Moskva, from hurrying them into lawless bandit reprisals,—he sought out that true old warrior Prince Pojarskii to take military command of the force. Nobly did Pojarskii answer the call, though not only aged but still suffering from wounds received in former fights with the Polish army. With rapid advances he now moved forward with Minin's collected army, and continued supplies of every kind; and, after many skirmishes, Minin always acting under him as his valourous lieutenant, defeated and almost exterminated the enemy under the very gates of Moskva.

Then, true and loyal as another Minin, Pojarskii surrendered his command to an assembly of the people; or to clergy, nobility, and citizens, combined in the Krasnaya Plostchad of the Kitai Gorod. His resignation received, there followed all the oratorical harangues necessary to an open-air meeting of thousands of persons still outside the Kremlé, for no loyal Russian would enter there yet; and finally came the choice of Michael Phedorovitch Romanov, a collateral branch of the house of Rurik, and one that had suffered much persecution both from Boris Godunov and the Poles,—to ascend the vacant throne.



The invitation was sent by deputation of citizens to Michael at Kostroma. After much doubt it was accepted, and hence, ever since, has flowed the imperial line of Russia's Romanov sovereigns ; so that that grand movement, begun at the propitious instant by simple citizen Minin, resulted, and even still results, in the most extensive and permanent constitutional benefit to his country.

In fashionable circles, one fears that the memory of Minin and Pojarskii was little cultivated, until the rude shake which the country experienced in 1812, and which recalled its patriotic story; for soon after that, a large monument to these two heroes was designed by M. Martos and carried out at the expense of the Russian Government. It stands now in the Krasnaya Plostchad of Moskva; and consists of a colossal group in bronze, fourteen feet high, standing on a granite pedestal, also fourteen feet in height and eighteen feet long.

The weight of the bronze-work being 239,000 pounds, and that of the granite block 420,000 pounds, there was some difficulty in sending it straight from its place of origin, St. Petersburg, to its destination Moskva; and it was actually found easier to send it the long round of internal water-communication by the Neva to Lake Ladoga, and thence to the Volga, and so round by the Oka to the Moskva; much as some railway company in London, wishing to loan

their grand Royal carriage to another company, also in London, found it cheaper to send it down to Peterborough, and then by a cross line bring it back to London by the other company's road ; or, incur a journey of a hundred and fifty miles by rail, rather than five or six miles only through London streets.

In the longer circuit of the Minin and Pojarskii monument however, there was the interesting episode of its passing by Minin's city of Nizhni-Novgorod some two centuries after his death, and then came the demonstration of the poor peasant people, for they had never forgotten him.

The sculptor's group appeared to our earnest but untutored gaze, a fine massive composition, in something of Roman and Michael-Angelesque style ; Minin on foot, exciting Pojarskii who is seated, to rise and liberate his country ; and Pojarskii,—with the *verum icon*, or *veronica*, “head of our Saviour not made with hands,” on his shield,—still somewhat in doubt whether the right moment be arrived, and if they may hope to have a blessing from Heaven on their great emprise.

While we stood there admiring and drinking in the story told by the colossal bronze in the almost shades of evening, my better-half wanted me to read out to her Bowring's translation of the Russian poet

Dmitriev's version of the same events. But I did not scruple to argue—"No, no, if you please, not in this cold east wind; let us rather go and see about some dinner, and after that is accomplished, we can in some warm corner hear what the Moskvaite with his lyre may have to say or sing."

Now our dinner this day, it had been already arranged, was to be in itself the solution of a sort of Russian problem; for you must know, O long-suffering reader, that we had effected a little discovery at breakfast only that very morning, and wished to follow it up further to its grandest development. We had previously heard and read, as doubtless you have also, a great deal of the *trahtiers*, or tea-shops, of Moskva, and soon made acquaintance with some of the more extensive ones in the Beloi Gorod, looking out pleasantly as they did on the western side of the Kremlé, and the gardens of the old Neglinaya. At once we recognized their superior size and equipment over the establishments of the same name in St. Petersburg, for there they were little private houses, but here in Moskva the *trahtiers* were evidently national institutions, showing fronts with twenty windows in a row; and it was plain that the innumerable merchants, after tiring themselves with bargaining through the live-long day in the Kitai Gorod, trooped down here in thousands to refresh. But never had we yet seen anything more than tea, un-

less it was the little vase of *vodka* in place of cream, demanded by some of them.

Two or three times we had pertinaciously entered by their public staircase, and passed through their large public rooms, in order to observe all the varieties of entertainment that might be going on, although we knew that the moment a lady was seen in company, one of the white-tunicked, red-belted waiters would instantly rush up and show us into a private room. But still we never witnessed anything more than tea-drinking going on ; and in a sort of office which we got a passing view of, there were several hundreds of porcelain tea-pots, white and gold, ranged on shelves like a library, and little else.

Tea was accordingly always brought us, and in excellent style, when we were once enclosed in our especial apartment ; it was moreover always stronger tea than in the northern capital, and to economize, as well as prolong, its heat, the small tea-pot with the tea-leaves therein was always mounted on the mouth of a larger one with hot water. So with good cream, as well as sugar and lemon, a porcelain cup and saucer for the lady, and a glass tumbler and saucer for the gentleman, what more could be desired in the way of tea-drinking ? On this morning, however, being not a little peckish with the freezing cold of the air, and spying behind the door a large printed sheet of paper, in Russian, we studied it

hard, and presently its cabalistic-looking letters were interpreted to indicate that it was a "Price-current" of provisions at the house; and from the long list of articles set down, it did appear probable that, spite of the little variety we had seen in vogue as yet, something more could or should be had. So straightway we called the big, broad-shouldered, dark-bearded man in the white tunic and red sash, and on asking him for *хлѣбъ съ масломъ*, or bread and butter, he set both before us in less than a minute. Two plates of bread too; both of them fresh and first-rate, but one wheaten and white, the other rye, and therefore of a rich dark chocolate-brown in colour, most certainly not *black*, as Russian soldiers' bread has been generally stigmatized by those who have not tasted it. This first trial answered so well that we next asked, though with some trepidation, for *яйца*, or eggs, but the man was not at all astonished or taken aback, and simply went and fetched us eggs; and when we examined, after he had retired, the basin he had so quickly set before us, it was found to contain the exact number of twelve eggs,—all hot, and as far as we went into them, fresh, well-flavoured, and boiled exactly to a turn.

This then was the house, nominally a tea-shop, where we were now, at near six P.M., inclined to try, with the assistance of a dictionary, if we could not get a dinner also. So away we went through the

Krasnaya Plostchad, and out of the Kitai Gorod by the Voznesenskii Gates into the Beloi Gorod, stopping there however for a few minutes to witness over again the still continuous streams of worshippers coming to the Iverskaya chapel. Sometimes military officers, sometimes poor isvostchiks and carpenters ; and sometimes, in strange antique family coaches, came a whole household of squirearchy from the country ; and there were great furnishings of wax candles from neighbouring shops perpetually going on, for devotees to light up at the sacred shrine. You could buy these candles of all sizes and of all degrees of decoration, either plain white wax or completely gilded, or with stars and spirals only in gold : and all the while there were flocks of beautiful doves footing about amongst the worshippers, tame, quiet, and fearless both of man and his horse companion.

Arrived at length, and duly conducted to our inevitable private room at the tea-house, an unusually good, self-acting barrel-organ ten feet high was set to play some not bad tunes for our edification, while we were laying our plans of conspiracy and dinner. In charity we did wish that we had had enough of Russian language to have cautioned and prepared the innocent-looking, bearded waiting-man for the unprecedented demand we were plotting to make both on him and his establishment ; but not having the gift, and he evidently expecting some order, I just asked him plump for some щи.

“What ! cabbage soup !” said the lady ; “oh, no, I never can touch that ! Are you not duly advised and warned in the guide-book against it, and certified moreover that it is a dreadful composition of rank cabbage and *kvas*, or sour beer ? Well, if you will try the experiment, let me have something else, —say a little *телятина*.”

No sooner were the words uttered than off went the waiter, and before we had fairly deciphered anything more in the “Price-current,” he set the required portions before us. We were thunderstruck ! the instantaneous manner in which we were served, and with precisely what we asked for, so exactly in the fully hot and perfectly prepared condition, was equal to anything in a Parisian restaurant ; and then, what portions they were,—regular Benjamin’s messes that they brought us in the Moskva tea-shop !

The *шн*, too ; how improperly translated for the benefit of Englishmen into “cabbage soup” ! Cabbage, no doubt, there was ; but, floating on the top of the rich-coloured, meaty fluid, what you first saw was a very fine sausage or two, and when you then dived downwards with your spoon, up came thick slices of ham and veal with small mushrooms, while on a side plate you were furnished with *pirogas*, or little tasty models of crab and fish pies, to be taken up with thumb and finger. But then the soup part,

the main portion of the whole composition, what shall we say for that? Patience, if you please, for three minutes, and you shall have some data for an opinion. At an equestrian circus in Paris many years ago we saw a clever French rider go through, as he stood on the back of a horse galloping at full speed, all the process of a young conscript acquiring the several successive stages of the military character, and being turned out at last a finished example of a complete Guardsman, in the style of the Old Guard under the first Empire. *The Empire*, we might say, for at that period there was simply Mister President Louis Napoleon, who was sending the French troops by thousands, each night, to behold theatrical performances at the expense of the peaceful citizens, whose throats they were so soon after to cut. That particular feature, however, is neither here nor there in the present matter; but what does concern us is this, that one part of the equestrian performance consisted in the soldier-actor illustrating the camp process of making soup,—he, all the while on the back of a flying steed circling round the arena. Accordingly a little camp-kettle was fixed to the bow of his saddle, a fire was made believe to be got up under it, various materials were supposed to be put in, and especially something apparently very valuable out of a highly-cherished cloth bag. But when he pretended to taste the compound with a large



spoon, the horse campaigner's face assumed a most vinegary aspect; he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, and plainly his first brewing wouldn't do. So he emptied more, much more, of the bag's contents into the pot, blew up the fictitious fire again, and tasted once more; but it was wretched, for he stamped his foot on the poor horse's back with indignation, and then in his fury not only emptied into the pot the whole contents of his bag, even to turning it inside out, but concluded with ramming the bag in too, and stirred it well round and round with the butt-end of his big spoon, blowing the fire well every now and then to make it bubble, bubble. Then, after awhile, he tasted again, and oh! the difference of his countenance. Now "such soup"! he seemed rejoicingly to say, as he drained the spoon down his eager mouth, and with the left hand complimented his interior on getting such an epicurean living, and he continued this typifying of intense satisfaction during three rounds of the circus, while his two thousand soldier-auditors cheered him with thunders of applause.

That man was no doubt a good judge of soup as it is in France, and there it is not bad; but had he been tried at that moment with our Moskva *иш*, we do believe it would have so far transcended anything he had ever before tasted, that he would have been transfixed speechless with astonishment and admira-

tion ; and “ La Belle France ” would inevitably have fallen into the background for once.

• “ Do just let me taste a quarter of a spoonful,—not more, mind,” presently said a certain lady, “ for I never can touch,” she went on to explain, “ a particle of cabbage at home, without being made ill by it for a month.” And then, having made that experiment successfully, the same lady next asked for a whole spoonful, and then sent up her plate to be supplied direct out of the basin, and tried a *piroga* too. And the basin proved so capacious that we could hardly afterwards, though both assisted, get through her portion of *телятина*, or veal, huge block of solid meat that it was with vegetables accompanying ; we therefore merely ordered further a bottle of Moskva beer, excellent and brisk, and found the final charge for the whole to amount only to one ruble. Truly we had been well dined, and good dinner was never furnished more quickly or economically in the Palais Royal, and never one tenth part as substantial.

“ Then being so admirably fortified,” said a fair critic, “ suppose you do me the favour now of reading Dmitriev and his ‘ Moskva Rescued ’ ! ” Whereupon I held forth obediently from Sir John Bowring’s “ handy ” little book, as follows :—

“ Receive the minstrel wanderer

Within thy glades, thou shadowy wood !

No idle tone of joy be here ;

Nor let e’en Venus’ song intrude !

Fair Moskva's smile my vision fills—  
 Her fields, her waters,—towering high,  
 And, seated on her throne of hills,  
 A glorious pile of days gone by."

'That's good, surely? And this also; only listen:—

" O Moskva, many a nation's mother,  
 How bright thy glances beam on me!  
 Where, like to thee,—where stands another,—  
 Where, Russia's daughter, like to thee?  
 As pearls thy thousand crowns appear,  
 Thy hands a diamond sceptre hold ;"  
 etc. etc. etc.

So it goes on through many lines of praise and renown, and then we come to the Polish invasion:—

" But war has spread its terrors o'er thee,  
 And thou wert once in ashes laid ;  
 Thy throne seemed tottering then before thee,  
 Thy sceptre feeble as thy blade.  
 Sarmatian fraud and force, o'er-raging  
 The humbled world, have reached thy gate ;  
 Thy faith with flattering smiles engaging,  
 Now threatening daggers on thee wait—  
 And they were drawn—thy temples sank—  
 Thy virgins led with fettered clank—  
 Thy sons' blood streaming to the skies."

Thus proceeds the poet with what an accountant would call the "charge." Now we come to the patriotic "discharge."—

" And where is Russia's saviour—where?—  
 Stand up—arouse thee—in thy might!  
 Moskva alarmed—surrounded there  
 And clouded, as a winter's night,

Look! she awakes—she knows no fear,  
 And young and old, and prince and slave,  
 Their daggers flash like boreal light,  
 They crowd,—they crowd them to the fight.

“ But who is that with snowy hair—  
 The first—that stern old man?—the tide  
 Of heroes he leads onward there!  
 Pojarskii—Russia’s strength and pride!  
 What transport tunes my lyre!—my lays  
 Seem glowing with celestial fire :  
 O! I will sing that old man’s praise ;  
 Shout loudly now, thou heavenly choir !

“ I hear—I hear the armour’s sound ;  
 The dust-clouds round the pillars rise—  
 See! Russia’s children gather round,  
 Pojarskii o’er the city flies,  
 And from death’s stillness he awakes  
 The very life of valour.—Lo !  
 ‘Midst the stars’ light and sunny glow,  
 He forms the firm, courageous row.  
 Here—there : hope, joy, again appear ;  
 The burghers gather round him there,  
 And range them for the combat now.”

Then follows the consternation of the Polish usurpers in “Kremle’s royal halls,” the hurried gathering of their forces, and the rushing forth to the great battle “round walls and gates.” The battle is a long one, it begins terrifically, and has many scenes, but its conclusion must come.

“ And thrice the day hath seen the strife,  
 And thrice hath dawned Aurora blithe ;  
 The battle-demon sports with life,  
 Death waves untired his murderous scythe,

Pojarskii's thunder still is heard ;  
 He speeds him like the eagle-bird  
 Following his prey—destroying—crushing,—  
 Then on the Poles with fury rushing,  
 He scatters them like flying sands,—  
 That giant of the hundred hands.  
 On! on!—What transports of delight!  
 'Hurrah! Pojarskii wins the fight!  
 The city joins the ecstasy—  
 'O yes! our Moskva now is free!'

"Where is the hero?—where is he  
 Who led our sons to victory?  
 List to that cry of eloquence—  
 What—what shall be his recompense?  
 Look!—He who made the invaders bleed,  
 And Moskva and his country freed;  
 He—modest as courageous—he  
 Takes the bright garland from his brow,  
 And to a youth he bends him now—  
 He bends his old and hero-knee.  
 'Thou art of royal blood,' he said,  
 'Thy father is in foeman's hand;  
 Wear thou that garland on thy head,  
 And bless. oh. bless our father-land!' "

"What!" exclaimed the lady listener, "is it possible? The poem finished, and no mention of poor Minin in it from first to last; nor of the citizens of Nizhni-Novgorod, who were so ready to raise the banner and contribute supplies; or of the peasants of Yaroslav, who rushed forward at the first call to form the chief bulk of the army; those men of Yaroslav, whom dear old M. СВЪЯЗКИ told us only the

other day, are still the finest types of true Russian peasants. Why you would think the citizens of Moskva had done it all themselves. But that's just the way with townspeople all the world over, they're so proud and conceited; the country-people come and help them out of their difficulties, and are immediately forgotten and ignored for their pains."

"Nay, be not so ~~very~~ sweeping," I suggested, "against all Moskvarenians, merely because one of their number has written in this style. He lived in the present century, two hundred years after the events he records; and it was his destiny to be highly educated, in imitation of the West; hence his needless allusion to Venus as Venus, and 'Aurora blithe,' in a Russian story: and his 'Sarmatians' for Polovski, a word that all the poorest of his countrymen would have instantly understood, and joined him in with

' Death for death, and hate for hate,  
And curses on the traitors.' \*

A student of nothing except classical books; a frequent translator of poems from the Latin; what could he do, but after the approved classical models? and there, such a hero as Minin would be quite inadmissible."

"And why so, I should just like you to tell me?"

came the ready reply, "was he not a right good man and a real patriot; one who came forth nobly at the time of his country's calamity, and set on foot and organized all the grand measures which eventually wrought out her safety?"

"That may be most true," I was sorrowfully compelled to acknowledge; "but then Minin had the misfortune to be by trade—a butcher! as the English Dr. Clarke took good care to set forth in his polite volumes; and the politely educated among the rich Russians, oh! didn't they writhe under the rebuke."\*

"Did they?" said my incorrigible spouse, "then I'd rather that we spent our holidays amongst the poor, uneducated, Yaroslavian peasantry; and I am sure, with excellent M. СВѢЗКЪ's assistance, if he would be so kind, we should pick up a great deal of good moral philosophy, and genuine patriotic feeling, with no little poetry, touching and original, amongst them."

\* We much suspect that after all, Minin was not a butcher in the English sense of the word; for being called in another work, "a cattle-dealer," that name, conjoined to the style of broad-spreading country he lived in, recalls to our mind the South African idea of "a butcher," viz. one who carries on a sort of mercantile business from end to end of a large colony, and even across its frontiers with independent native tribes beyond; drawing thereby supplies of cattle and sheep from distant regions, and having, at one and the same time, to arrange for the safety, and secure the honesty of his many detached parties travelling with valuable property over mountains and across extensive plains.

## CHAPTER VII.

## MONASTERIES.

September 7.

By both foes and friends, and by sects of nearly every denomination, the clergy of the Anglican Church have been allowed the great praise of possessing a degree of moderation in feeling, temperance in language, and considerate charity in judgment, which the world has rarely seen combined to an equal degree in any dominant Church. Yet there is one subject whereon it is not safe to try them. For, if you would see a sage and venerable English Doctor of Divinity suddenly turn ungovernably choleric, ask him what he thinks of the monastic system.

Thus will he answer.

“The notion of making the height of virtue, and the perfection of human nature to consist in solitude and contemplation, is the most extravagant of all the unreasonable doctrines fanaticism and ignorance



have ever conceived. A doctrine the most absurd in speculation, and productive of the greatest evils in practice. A doctrine repugnant to the frame and constitution of man, subversive of every relative duty, destructive to human society, and contradictory to the first great law of God. And, therefore, if an angel from heaven had taught that doctrine, we might boldly say with St. Paul, ‘let him be accursed.’ A theorist, who consulted only the principles of reason and nature, might well think it impossible that such an error could be propagated among a race of beings like men, where the endowments and qualifications, the wants and imperfections of each individual, strongly demonstrate that they were made mutually to assist, and to be assisted by each other. Yet has the contagion spread over the face of the earth. Every monastery erected by a piety founded on this maxim, that man was made for contemplation alone, is a monument of the madness of mankind.”

When so utterly condemnatory was the opinion enunciated by a learned divine, educated in an English university, and taught in learned halls to discuss intricate and enfolded questions with theological acumen and logical refinement, selecting and discriminating with subtlety a minute grain of truth from its entangling maze of error, we could hardly expect much nicety when the same question came

to be handled by one, who has been described by Bishop Burnet, as “eminently and blunderingly boorish,” viz. the Russian Emperor and ship-carpenter, Peter the Great.

Yet Peter approached this subject with all the gravity and respect it deserves; employed more than half his reign in informing himself of all the particulars; and then finally came out with his edict of improvement, which is something more than a state paper.

He begins by setting forth what is, has been, and should be the monastic system, by reference first to the only truly binding authority, the New Testament. Therein he finds no example, and no inculcation of the tenets, but, on the contrary, much that is nearly incompatible with them. Monasticism is therefore, with him, no divine institution for Christians, but a human invention; originally with very good intentions, he allows; yet notoriously commenced in an age far subsequent to the apostolic, and at a time when many other institutions of heathen nations were being borrowed from, to add to the supposed lustre or required display of faith in Christ.

This he thinks an important ground to lay down clearly; because man is thereupon to be allowed, from time to time, to examine the work of his own hands, and ascertain how far it fulfils its original intention. Now the early idea of monks seemed to

arise in truly conscientious, though extreme endeavours on the part of very devoutly disposed persons to work out their own salvation before anything else; and misled by contracted views of certain special paragraphs in the New Testament, they rushed away singly into the wilderness, to live perfectly apart from all mankind. Hence they were truly called monks, from *μονος*; hermits, or eremites, from *ερημος*; anchorites, or anachorites, from *αναχωρηται*; and stylites, from the pillar on whose top there was certainly not room for more than one to stand.

Now this sort of thing was all very well, says the monarch of ice-girt Russia, in the South, where a man needs little of either clothing or food, beyond what the earth will spontaneously afford him; but in the North, he, the Tsar, gives us his *ipse dixit*, that men must combine into a community and work hard amongst themselves, to get up the means of keeping body and soul together; and as long as they do lead such simple and self-supporting lives, in mountains and desert plains he has nothing to say against them. But the point where he had his difference with them was,—when they brought their communities out of the wilderness, and planted them in the neighbourhood of large and populous cities, seeking to live in ease, idleness, and plenty, on the unwise gifts or forced labour of other men. “This,”

says Peter, “ was a great cause of the decline of the Greek Empire at Constantinople ; for the cunning, lazy priests, got about the weak-minded women, the Emperor’s wives, and from them obtained gifts of lands and money, that were quite absurd in their extravagance.”

“ Why ! ” exclaims the indignant essayist, “ the monasteries were so multiplied by this hot-house cultivation, that there were above thirty of them on the banks of the canal of that single city ; and the whole extent is not much above thirty versts, from the Black Sea to Constantinople. And so extensively did the abuse spread, through every province of the great empire, that when the Turks came before the walls, the Emperor could only raise six thousand men for their defence.”

This was a monstrous iniquity in the eyes of so warlike a sovereign as the Great Peter ; and therefore, while he allowed his Russian monks, on account of the vehemence of a northern climate, to live together in large communities, he deprived them of the large territories they had by degrees acquired ; and of any power either of holding more lands which might be given or bequeathed to them, or even of retaining any species of wealth which new members might bring with them. “ If,” said he, “ there are men who have a decided call to the state, it is proper that we keep the monasteries open to

receive them ; but let them leave their wealth behind in the world.”

A modicum of support was certainly allowed by his government ; and if assisted by labour on the part of the priest, it just sufficed to keep the establishment going ; but more than this, Peter was very jealous of ; and much he liked to insist, in all their integrity on the keeping of the old rules of St. Basil, who “rejected the vain pretences of those, who would only be employed in singing psalms.” These were the idlers before Peter ; and after considering in detail their objections to ordinary labour ; he finally comes out with, “but there is a kind of labour which they may perform, agreeable to God, and honourable in the eyes of men.—They shall receive into their convents invalid soldiers, those who have been dismissed the service, and are not able to work, and other truly necessitous persons, and shall provide hospitals for them.” And again he severely ordains, “It shall be rigorously prohibited to monks to go out of their convents, except the superior, the steward, and the treasurer. Great care is to be taken that the other monks do not go out. In short, since they have quitted the world, it is not fit that they should go into it again.”

With this preliminary information, we were not inclined to be at all captious on the head of monastic luxury, or *gourmand* conventualism, when we set

forth on Wednesday morning, to visit several of the principal monasteries to the south of Moskva. The weather, moreover, was warm once again, the sky blue, the sun bright ; and a thermometrical observation taken at the oilman's shop as we passed, showed the contents of his great bottles nearly two-thirds returned from their tallowy state, and resolved into their original amber-coloured oil. Away therefore we drove merrily and briskly enough, past the north-east corner of the Kitai Gorod, and then cutting obliquely through the Beloi Gorod, and the Zemlianoi Gorod, entered the more extensive, but equally complete envelope of the Slobodii, or suburbs, which are further surrounded by a rampart whose circumference measures forty versts. Not however entirely with actual town is filled all this vast space ; for we came here and there to large bare tracts ; where, on the roadside-mounds, lay creeping roots of grass that had long since died away ; and in the road, was deep dry sand, looking very like a strip of the Sahara itself.

Splendidly did the horse come out at this difficult part ; he was one of those powerful-barrelled, fine-legged Russian horses, with both tail and mane sweeping the ground ; and though he sank half up to his knees at every step, he continued such an active, long-stepped walk, as made the droshky's wheels hiss again in dividing the arenaceous sea. Happy

though, we were, when the driver was enabled to turn out of this so-called road, enter a sort of open piece of common grass-land, and then after passing through a scattered grove of Siberian cedars, bring us full in view of the Simeonovskii Monastery.

A tall tower, a golden-headed and cross-crested giant of one hundred and seventy feet high, rising above the gateway of a strong-walled enclosure, the walls garnished at intervals with strange-looking anti-Tahtar towers of defence, with steep conical roofs and gilded angel-weathercocks, and enclosing in a large interior space, many golden-domed churches with walls much painted,—was the general picture that met the eye.

The tall tower was white, and in good architecture, arranged with five arch-adorned stories, in decreasing breadth but increasing height, as they ascended. We advanced and knocked at the metal doors, but as no one would hear, went presently on foot round the wall; and at the south-west angle, coming to a small open gate, we entered there, and passing through the half-gardens, half-graveyards, made straight for the principal church, which exhibits rather violent painting on its outside walls. Inside, were the grand old decorations of ikonostas and royal doors; sacred pictures almost covered with gold and silver plating and jewels; candles and candlesticks innumerable; and a faint dim light streaming down with difficulty from the loop-hole

windows in the turrets of the domes. Through this church we entered a side chapel, where a service had just been concluded for a particular family ; and the priest, who was in the act of retiring with a sort of primitive hand-broom, stopped short on seeing us, and putting the instrument again with both hands into a large basin on one side of him, asked if he should give us of holy water ; and seemed to imply so kindly that he could in a moment asperse us from head to foot, and with no sort of trouble, but rather pleasure, to himself,—that we were quite pained at having to signify a negative to the worthy man's obliging proposition.

After this, we wandered about for a long time without meeting a soul ; and had to try to make out for ourselves which was the "Church of the Assumption," founded in 1404, or that of "St. Sergii the Miracle-worker," or of the "Discovery of the Cross;" of "Ksenophont and his Society;" of the "Descent of the Holy Ghost;" and of "Prodigies of the Most Holy Mother of God." For if a priest was seen anywhere in the grounds, he was sure to be going quickly about some occupation which did not allow him any spare time. There were here, evidently, no professional sight-showers, each trying to make you believe that he is showing you something more than he ever exhibits to ordinary visitors ; and there were no idlers about. At last chancing to observe a



certain Father called out of his house to speak to a few rustics, we went and stood near to indicate our desire for an interview also ; and when the country-people were disposed of, the old gentleman came straight up to us, shook hands very warmly, but not being able to speak a word of anything except Russ, he only taught us again the lesson which we had been slowly learning ever since our first arrival in the country ; viz. that spite of what you hear elsewhere of French and German being so universally spoken by well educated Russians ; yet the smallest portion of their own tongue, would be of infinitely greater service to a traveller desiring to get at the minds of the people, than both those other languages put together, with English and Dutch added to them besides.

The kindly priest however soon came to understand one of our wants ; and straightway sent a man to unlock the door of the grand bell-tower, in order that we might judge of the reputed “finest view of Moskva,” from its galleries. Up therefore we climbed, high up amongst the bells, and to where large flocks of holy doves do, unfortunately for cleanliness, love to congregate and make their nightly abode. The view though was not satisfactory. It began well with a perspective scene of the river coming down from the city ; but then appeared two powder-magazines, and ugly barracks, and after them were some horrid, black-smoking, factory chim-

neys only half a mile off and right in front of the fairylike Kremle in the extreme distance, with its brilliant white towers, and flashing points of gold.

From here therefore we drove north-westward; crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and then after having driven nearly due west for a mile along the Zemlianoi boulevard, again struck due southward, down long straight streets of small houses in the suburbs, nor stopped until we were landed at an open gateway in the fortified wall of the still more celebrated Donskoi Monastery.

All the monks of Russia are of one and the same order, on the rules of Basil the Great; though they have several degrees of advance or proficiency amongst themselves; and the names of their monasteries are as various, as are often their characteristics and uses. The Donskoi, so called from still containing the picture of the Donskaya Mother of God,—the picture taken to Dmitrii's great battle of Koulikov on the Don, in 1380, by the Kozaks of that region, and again appealed to by Phedor Ivanovitch, in 1591, during an invasion of the country about Moskva by the Krimean Tahtars:—note to how recent a date poor Russia was exposed without Western assistance to Asiatic inroads,—seems now to have its chief fame as a place of sepulture; the most holy too and reputed in Russia, next to the Imperial cemeteries themselves.

That the Tsars who have deceased since Peter Veli, in St. Petersburg, should there be buried within the walls of a fortress, has struck some persons with astonishment; but it is not an exceptional case in Russia, for what is the Kremlé of Moskva, in which are buried the pre-Peter Tsars, but a fortress of the period, as painters would say; and what is the Donskoi, and many another Russian monastery, but a species of fortification quite strong enough to resist the lighter clouds of Tahtar horsemen in their day, and therefore able to secure the sacred relics of the dead, from many a profanation. Hence every country convent, being rudely fortified, becomes thereby a place more or less desired for burial; and the Donskoi ranks above all others, on account of its religious connection with the great medieval battle from which the freedom of Russia has flowed. Religious connection we say advisedly, for though the outward and visible symbol in this case, be only a picture, yet deep are the inward and spiritual feelings, evoked by it in the heart of every true Russian, noble or peasant; and hard as they and their forefathers may have fought with their hands and swords against the enemy, they believe in special providences, and gladly give to God all the glory of their success.

The prices now paid for the narrowest grave within the Donskoi walls, are said to amount to one

thousand rubles ; and not even the noblest families, such as the Galitsins, Dolgorukies, Stcherbatovs, Trubetskois, Tolstois, Narishkins, Mestcherkiis, and others, whose names are connected with the greatest events in their country's history, are allowed to monopolize much space. Hence the monuments are generally rather small and modest; closely packed together, and almost always exhibiting some choice design in granite or marble ; but yet allowing numerous shadowing trees to spread their arms kindly over the prostrate forms below.

The air was at this time still, and the sunlight intensely bright, yet withal deeply oppressive and solemn ; hardly a single human being appeared anywhere, and not a sound was heard, as we threaded respectfully each narrow pathway amongst the frequent memorials of the dead. Amidst such a scene, it must have been, that a nameless Russian poet wrote so expressive a four-line composition :—

“ What is man's history ? born,—living,—dying,—  
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave,—  
Struggling with storm-winds, over shipwrecks flying,  
And casting anchor in the silent grave.” \*

The sentiment of the last line, appeared to us with all its pathos, something of a halting between the old national Russian idea of death, and the views of it imported into the higher literature, by the

\* Bowring's Russian Poets.

forced cultivation of Western languages among the richer classes.

Generally, the Russian has no fear of death, he is too religious in his way for that, yet he does not court it; and the statistics of his large cities, show less suicides, it is averred, than almost any other people's. But, on a great occasion and in defence of his country, he still remembers and acts upon that fine saying of Svatoslav Igorevitch, when leading his countrymen against the outnumbering hosts of the Greek Emperor, "There's no disgrace in dying." No disgrace indeed still echo the heroic mouzhiks, but a something rather ineffably sweet at the conclusion of a hard-working well-spent career. Even when painting the happy married life of a pair of pastoral lovers who had long been kept apart, a national song concludes with this stanza:—

"Tears and sorrow, if they come,  
Shall not wear the garb of gloom;  
Life with thee is crown'd with beauty—  
Beautiful is death!"\*

And in Old Russia every native mind is so attuned and prepared with holy feeling, that there is nothing to them jarring against their earthly joy in this introduction of the end.

But in other circles, unhappily, at the chief time when Russian scholars were instructed to take the

\* Bowering's Russian Poets.

Western nations for their literary models, there was a dreary infidelity growing up in both Germany and France, while in England, even on tombs erected in Christian churches, the paganism was customarily committed of representing death, visibly as a sinewy skeleton; or an ogre-looking savage, sticking mortals through and through with a big dart; or carrying off some weeping mother, amidst the wild consternation, and from the furious muscular efforts of both husband and children.

This new teaching being compelled by authority, soon began to manifest itself in the University and city poets of St. Petersburg; and hence, from one of the best of them, such lines as these :—

“ Ah! that funereal toll! loud tongue of time!  
 What woes are centred in that frightful sound!  
 My life's first footsteps are midst yawning graves;  
 A pale, teeth-clattering spectre passes nigh;  
 A scythe of lightning that pale spectre waves,  
 Mows down man's days like grass, and hurries by.

“ Nought his untired rapacity can cloy;  
 Monarchs and slaves are all the earthworm's food;

. . . . .  
 Death knows no sympathy; he tramples on  
 All tenderness—extinguishes the stars—  
 Tears from the firmament the glowing sun,  
 And blots out worlds in his gigantic wars.

. . . . .  
 He wets his scythe with trophies such as these.”

Not bad poetry ; yet only think how happy in their national heart of hearts such Russian authors in spite of their educated selves will be, when they learn, that ideas in England are now greatly advanced and purified ; and that the chiefest living poet amongst us has very recently published the following :—

“Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain ;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain ;  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.”

With so high an authority before them, Russian writers will now perceive that such thoughts as their peasants have been accustomed to think, even with their characteristic iteration, may safely be introduced into polite compositions without transgressing the present canons of English verse ; and we shall have no more therefore from them in books about a bony teeth-clattering spectre, hour-glass, and barbéd dart all complete ; or in the Donskoi cemetery, another such dreadful group, as appears on a tomb-stone there ; in close imitation, we believe, of one of the many marble monuments which so shock devotional feeling in Westminster Abbey.

Again,—after the camera had done its duty on the exterior towers and battlements of this picturesque enclosure, whose walls are thirty feet high,—we mounted our droshky, and drove away right northwards, with the horse’s five-foot tresses of black shining hair streaming out behind him.

Thus we soon reached again the Zemlianoi boulevard, crossed the Moskva river by another wooden bridge, had a magnificent view of the golden glories of the Kremlé, here seen almost reflected in the water; and then, after some further coursing along westward, turned down south-south-west into a long open tract, once green, and rejoicing in the title of the *Devitchei Foll*, or Virgin's Field; and forming the approach to the Devitchei convent, with which we were to conclude our day.

It could hardly have been, that there were any crumbs still left over this large area, from the present Emperor's coronation feast, which was given here agreeably with ancient precedent, and at tables collectively eight miles long; but the number of big birds upon it was as extraordinary as their tameness, for they allowed us to drive amongst, and through their numbers without being at all disconcerted. First there were large collections of doves; those sacred favourites of Russia, and the most beautiful birds in creation, complete in everything, we thought,—until we met jackdaws walking about amongst them; and what clever bipeds they were, sharp-eyed and big-brained, yet withal so impudent and confident in themselves. By the side of these jackdaws,—the doves looked soft effeminate creatures, with diminutive heads and little sense, indulging in a constant ease that neither thought nor care ever troubled; but



contrasted with the doves,—the jackdaws looked very walking incarnations of intellectuality. Or, did they require anything else to set them off, we turned to the crows, which, had they been by themselves, we might have fancied able birds, types in fact of a bird ; but in this company they were degraded at once amongst feathered tribes, as being evidently made merely for digging ; nay, with their coarse big beaks, their small brain-pans, rudely strong legs, and broad humpy feet, they were mere born navvies, doomed for life to the coarsest of earthwork.

Many magnificent palaces are seen bordering this field, on either hand ; and to the left, besides extensive barracks, are the Galitsin Hospital, an establishment most generously founded for the poor by a Prince of that name, and kept up by his successors at an outlay of 80,000 rubles a year ; and further beyond still, the once residence of Count Orlov-Chesmenskii. It is well described as it existed in 1783, by Archdeacon Coxe ; and he, a thorough gentleman and scholar, leaves on our minds a very agreeable impression of the innate power of attaching men of all nations to his loyal leadership and fortunes which must have been possessed by the noble Count ; the same man who in the first visit ever made by a Russian fleet to Mediterranean waters by way of the Atlantic, led it also to victory.

That this noble lived in a wooden house grates

strangely on British ears, though it had a thousand feet of frontage ; but in Moskva, and perhaps very generally over Russia, wooden houses are thought more wholesome to dwell in than those made of stone, particularly when new. A house of wood, they also say, is ready to dwell in the moment that it is erected, and both rich and poor still intrinsically prefer it, if their property and the police regulations combined, admit of the adoption.

As in Moskva there are separate markets for nearly everything needed by man, so you may be sure there is a “ wooden house market,” where you see whole houses, or sample parts thereof, ready to put up ; and if you are pleased with one, it is either carried bodily to your plot of ground, and you shut yourself up in your castle that same night ; or it is taken over piecemeal and re-erected almost as quickly by the hosts of carpenters, or plotniks, with whom the city abounds. These men, though mere peasants from the neighbouring villages, and with no more special education for their trade than every Russian mouzhik acquires naturally almost, and with no other tools than an axe, chisel, and sometimes a saw ; yet, according to Haxthausen, “ have admirable dexterity and skill, a true feeling for all proportion, a practical talent for suitable arrangement, and finally the ability not only to help themselves with simple instruments and slender expedients on emergencies, but

also to execute some great and substantial work. . . . The plotniks of Moskva constitute a complete and well-organized community, with connecting links and sections, household arrangements in common, and with leaders chosen by themselves, to whom implicit obedience is shown. The order and discipline which prevail are exemplary, and all this has been effected not by regulations and laws on the part of government, but has sprung from the necessities and natural sympathies and love of order among the people themselves.”\*

On an equally grand scale with the size, were still the general arrangements of the Count's house, when in 1816, long after his death, and then under his daughter's rule, it was described by Lyall. The Countess Orlov-Chesmenskii was not, it would appear, very fond of over-large or showy parties, but kept open table every day for all her late father's old friends and relations; yet, even at those smaller entertainments, as a daily rule, a band of thirty to forty musicians played during the meal, and each guest had two or three lacqueys to attend upon him,—no difficult matter to accomplish in a dwelling which, though of wood, numbered its six hundred men-servants. Many of these were doubtless attendants on the horses, for the Countess was passionately fond of riding,—as who would not be, who had the com-

\* Robert Farie's 'Haxthausen's Russia.'

mand of many of these long-maned, graceful, and fine-eyed steeds of Russia? The pomp of circumstance connected too with their employment must have been something remarkable, for you read that, "when the weather is indifferent, or too cold for exercise out-of-doors, the Countess Orlov-Chesmen-skii frequently amuses herself in the *manége*, which is heated in winter, and in a very imposing Eastern style. A band of musicians take their station in the gallery, and continue their many performances as long as the Countess prolongs her exercise. She is generally accompanied by her companion, Miss Porter, and by her equerry. The *manége* is sometimes lighted up, or even illuminated for the same purpose."

A grand abode externally, though in a very different style, is the Devitchei Nunnery, as you approach it from the Foll. Red brick, artistically set forth with decorations of white, is its chief constituent, and makes its colossal walls of enclosure and numerous mural watch-towers dark, yet effective. The bell-tower, nearly two hundred feet high, is quite an example of what successes may be achieved in brick by an architect of genius; for through all its six diminishing stories it is a wonder of decorated archways, enriched windows, balustraded passages, and houses for bells, while the whole is surmounted by a gracious golden dome, and that by the "honourable cross."

The Russians add to the praises of the general edifice, that it is delightfully situated on a fine eminence, whence it overlooks so and so, and so and so, and perhaps the inhabitants of the Pampas might agree with them ; but to the perceptions of any ordinary mortals, not skilled in discovering almost intuitively a variation of a foot or two in the level of a wide country, it seems established on the flattest of plains. Nor most assuredly has the alleged height or the hypsometric variation of the site been of much service to its drainage, for on entering within the walls we found all the pathways from church to church, and to the several cottage dwellings of the nuns, and through and amongst the several cemeteries, all planked and trussed up, as if the place must be at some seasons a vasty bath of mud.

This convent was founded in 1524 by Vassilii Ivanovitch, on the spot whereunto one of his predecessors, Vassilii Vassilievitch, had in 1396 accompanied a holy procession returning to Poland, after receiving a special gift in the Kremlé. Its principal church—for there are nine of them, and three chapels—is much in the manner of the Uspenski Sobore ; viz. a tall cubic mass of white building, with many Scripture paintings on its walls exposed to rain and snow ; and five golden domes with crosses accompanying. In this church, entered by covered flights of stairs curiously arched in, are deposited the

mortal remains of divers of the Tsarinas and Grand-Duchesses of the Russian Imperial line, while in the surrounding cemeteries are the tombs of ladies of many noble families, as well as of former nuns. White marble, red and grey granite, cast-iron and bronze in ornamental Gothic tracery, were the usual materials of the monuments, adorned with paintings as well as sculpture, and always with the "honourable cross" on the summit.

In the cathedral we found the service performing by nuns alone, under the supervision of their hegumena seated in state; and we thought, with sympathy for them, of the invading French in 1812 taking possession of and fortifying this same convent, sixty poor resident nuns notwithstanding; stabling their horses in the church, stripping off gold from ikonostas and altar, mounting their cannon on the walls, levelling and clearing away buildings outside, including the church of St. John the Precursor, and making themselves perfectly safe and satisfactorily comfortable in a military sense, as Frenchmen in all their campaigns so well understand how to do.

Our attention, however, was presently drawn off to a sound of wheels and furious galloping, and lo! there was our *isvostchik* driving straight away from us through the convent's outer gates, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. As our camera picture was still progressing under a very small aperture, we

waited quietly, and before it was finished the man returned. His horse, it seemed, would not stand still, and had in its impatience trod on its master's foot, while he, the master, was inattentively eating some bread which we had furnished him with the means of procuring when last he drove through the Zemlianoi Gorod. So on receiving such an annoying provocation he straightway took the horse, *golubtchik* though it might be, into the deep sand outside the convent, and there worked off that too intense spirit, which, like the vapour in a steamship's boiler, had accumulated to a dangerous extent during a stoppage of half an hour, though towards the close of this long day of exceeding toil and sun.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## GUNS AND BELLS.

September.

OUR last complete day in Moskva ! Oh, how much is to be done ! The sun shines gloriously again, and the air is genially warm ; it must be fully warmer, too, we said, for the three-foot bottles of oil in the shop near the trahtiers are now resolved back entirely from their so recently frozen, into their normal limpid, condition.

By the way, what sort of oil was it ? and what is it used for ? For we do not see such shops at home, viz. shops rather showy than otherwise, yet selling nothing but oil, and holding their whole stock of it in clean glass bottles ; and this, whether you want a vessel holding a gill or one of twenty gallons. Be sure then, when so much care is expended in keeping a material in the cleanest possible condition, and so much expense incurred to prove that it is so, it must be intended for the service



of that consumer, whom man does so proverbially nourish and cherish, viz. his own body ; *i. e.* it is for eating or drinking in some way or other. Practice and native shrewdness had long ago taught the Russian peasant the importance of large quantities of soft carbon being taken into his animal system ; important against the cold of that climate, and still more important as a corrective of the large quantity of plain bread he delights to consume ; three pounds a day generally, and five pounds during harvest, over and above his *kasha*, or boiled millet, eggs, milk, salted cucumber, mushrooms, cabbage, and not unfrequently supplies of beef. The sort of bread he prefers is rye, and prefers it for the same reason that the acute Scottish ploughman clings to his oaten cake and discerned long before the days of Liebig, that it was chemically more strengthening to muscular fibre than expensive wheaten flour. So here, having his dear “black” bread, as well as most other articles of his food, fried up in abundance of rich linseed oil, or on high days and holidays with sunflower oil, the hardy denizen of the woods of Archangel, or the roamer over the steppes of Tambov, is able to prosecute his work through all seasons of the year in spite of even Siberian weather.

Just at this point of our walk our attention was attracted to a little boy selling apples on the edge of the pavement ; at least, that was what his parents

must have sent him there for ; and he had, accordingly, two wooden trays full, placed on a broad board mounted upon one of the Jehu stone posts, close beside him ; but, blessings on his innocent head ! he had at that moment no more thought about his trays and their contents, than if they had been miles away. He was engaged in drawing ; and under such peculiar difficulties. He had no hat or cap, and as he sat there on the curb-stone, his long and glossy flaxen hair was constantly falling between his eyes and the paper ; and this paper he was holding on his knee with one hand, while with the other he was working away with a black-lead pencil, drawing some proud *gospodin* of his native land ; but his chief trouble seemed to be in bending his arms, for he was dressed in a long sheep-skin coat, wool inside, and his little arms looked as if they were encased in roly-poly puddings : but he took it all so sweetly, and was so utterly oblivious of all the other children congregating about him ; and of everything except realizing on the miserable bit of paper on his knee, the artistic idea that was in his mind, that we immediately sketched him into our own tablets, as one of the most interesting instances we had seen of innate genius, under difficulties, struggling to develope itself. (See Plate 1, Vol. II.)

From this scene, and the oil-shops, and through the arid Neglinaya garden, we next passed on with

camera on shoulder, and entering the Kremle at the Tverskaya Gates, were soon in front of the western end of the Museum, or Treasury ; perhaps the latter name is more expressive, for it is a museum of crowns and sceptres, thrones set with jewels innumerable, and all the costly paraphernalia of royalty in a score of kingdoms that have been ; while outside are many antique cannon on carriages of bronze, rejoicing in decorations of Eugene and Marlborough's day or even of an earlier time still ; with flames for the spokes of the wheels, dolphins for the trunnion-covers, and hippogriffs prancing amongst vegetable spirals for the main supports.

We set the camera opposite one of the most remarkable of these pieces, a long thin gun, like an old navy "bow-chaser," and the impression of the picture was going on very famously, when, to our trepidation, we saw certain suspicious movements going forward in an office close by. Some of the clerks looked out, and then gave information inside ; whereupon two or three more advanced officials came forth, and gazed and discussed with growing earnestness, until at last one stern old man, with grey hair, spectacles, and in uniform, left the group, and advanced straight to us. Oh ! then what fear possessed our souls, lest the camera would have to be closed before the picture's exposure was half completed ! for had we not perhaps gone rather

too far? and who had told us that we might come actually into the very fort of Moskva, and picture even its most sacred cannon? and have we not seen civilian visitors turned neck and heels out of certain batteries in Edinburgh Castle for far less presumption? What then must befall us, and more than ourselves, the embryo actinic impression, before the advancing genius of Russian bureaucracy. The stern old chief came up; he scanned our arrangements closely, two tubular brass cameras on mahogany stand, asked what it was all about, and then on hearing the potent word фотографія, departed as quietly as he had advanced.

We should have been sorry too, to have lost the picture, for this gun was the gun Yedinorog, one of the eight great guns of Moskva, having a length of twenty feet, and a weight of 28,000 pounds. It was cast in the year 1662, in the reign of Alexei-Michaelovitch, the father of Peter the Great.

To the east of the museum was a still larger gun, the gun Drobovik, usually known as *the* great gun of Moskva, with a bore three feet in diameter, and a weight of 86,400 pounds; and informing those who can read Russian (according to Dr. Lyall) that, "By the orthodox and Christian Tsar, and Great-Duke Phedor Ivanovitch, Gosudar and Autocrat of all Russia, in the time of the most pious and Christian Tsarina, and Great-Duchess Irina, this cannon

was cast in the distinguished capital Moskva, in the year of the world 7094 (1586 A.D.) by the ordnance-founder Andrei Chochov."

Between the founding of these two guns, though only seventy-six years, what a world of troubles and sea of change had not Russia passed through! Drobovik saw her still under the direct descendants of Rurik, who had guided her without a break for seven hundred years; but Yedinorog found that line at an end, and the country, after intestine revolutions, invasions, and foreign dominations, returned to order once more, and about to enter a new career of a novel and imposing, westward-pointing civilization, under Romanov chiefs.

How well the heads of that house have pioneered their country through difficult as well as glorious times, other great guns, taken from Turks and Swedes, lend no small testimony; though the best proofs of all, are the 874 brass field-pieces taken from the French invading army in 1812. The ranks, and rows, and heaps of rows which this number forms around the Arsenal, a building lying to the north of the Museum, is one of the most remarkable and soul-stirring sights in its way, that Russia, or any other country in the world can show. Though connected with war, yet may these trophies be viewed without any of those compunctions which the deeds of earthly conquerors too often bring with

them ; for here, it was no case, on the Russian's side, of a pagan goddess called Glory ; nor was it lust of conquest with them either ; but it was simply standing up in defence of their country, their wives, and families, to preserve them from men calling themselves followers of the religion of Christ, or pioneers of intellectual enlightenment, yet bringing with them all those fearful guns to murder Russians in a more wholesale manner than ever Tahtar invaders in the dark ages had succeeded in doing. One might almost have expected that so immense a reverse as this loss of 874 guns implies, would have taught the French nation to be less fond of invading others, and less prone to allow itself to be lured through meretricious paths into final disaster, by the seductions of Napoleonic genius : but after half a century has passed, we find ~~them~~<sup>them</sup> again under the same direction, and struggling at every nerve to make up another " grand army ;" and by special attention to its field-pieces, commissariat, and transport, to make it a portable, *i.e.* eminently an invading army. They have not quite reached the full numbers of their first Emperor's gathering of the spring of 1812, but they have more native French soldiers now than were under arms at that former period ; for his 550,000 men were drawn from many diverse nations ; and by what sort of compulsion, let the following names, indelibly inscribed on the

guns at Moskva, mostly by their former owners, testify to the world.

## BRASS PIECES OF ORDNANCE.

French . . . . .	488
Austrian . . . . .	188
Neapolitan . . . . .	40
Bavarian . . . . .	34
Westphalian . . . . .	1
Saxonian . . . . .	12
Hanoverian . . . . .	1
Italian . . . . .	70
Wurtembergian . . . . .	5
Spanish . . . . .	8
Polish . . . . .	5
Dutch . . . . .	22

A strange tell-tale list is this, as well in what it conceals as what it shows. For where is Prussia? She was with Bonaparte in 1812, as long as his fortune was prosperous; and that country, which in spite of the boasted deep thought, and patriotic love of her sons, could be overthrown in a Jena campaign by the French in a fortnight, was not likely to succeed in carrying *all* its guns safely out of hostile Russian soil. Nor were they so saved, for Prussian guns were brought in triumph to Moskva, as well as those of other invading peoples; but family feelings at court, combined with some distant diplomatic ideas, are said to have caused an edict to be issued in 1818, ordering the Prussian section of these trophies to be merged into the Austrian. Hence

that very large number which stands second on the list to the French.

Astounding as are the expenditures of bronze in the Kremlé for guns, those in the shape of bells, are even larger. The great bell of Moskva, the Tsar Kolokol, or King of Bells, has passed into a proverb, and worthily, for though it is not exactly the mountain of metal which a too literal traveller had expected to find it, from descriptions he had read, yet does it exceedingly transcend all other bells we know of. Three hundred and sixty thousand pounds is its weight ; that is, nearly eleven times the weight of our unfortunate Big Ben of the New Palace of Westminster, and thirty times the weight of the great bell of St. Paul's ; while encyclopædias may be consulted to ascertain how many times larger than the biggest bells of France or China.

Oh, grossly barbarous idea, says the genius of the West ! mere bigness ! just as a savage African chieftain aspires to the title of "Elephant" ; and knows of nothing higher.

Nay, not so, we would expostulate, after having heard some of the larger of the Russian bells ; for the tones, oh ! the exquisite tones which they give forth, and which nothing else can equal, are ravishing to the inmost soul. The Tsar bell to be sure has been mute ever since its fall and the burning of its belfry in 1737 ; but there are still the—



Bolshoi Kolokol . . .	weighing 144,000 lbs.
Reut . . . . .	„ 70,000 „
Vsednevnoi . . . . .	„ 35,595 „
Semisotnoi . . . . .	„ 27,930 „
Medved . . . . .	„ 15,750 „
Lebed . . . . .	„ 15,575 „
Novgorodskoi . . . . .	„ 14,700 „

and many others of smaller calibre, but all of them gifted with the most musical utterances. When the larger of these sound forth at particular seasons of the year, and announce the anniversary of either the death of our Lord, his Cross and Passion, or some of his many acts of devotion to the will of his Father in Heaven, and the undeserved sufferings which attended his sacrifice for the children of men, —then every peasant who, miles away from the capital, hears coming down to him apparently from the clouds the ~~inexpressibly~~ beautiful yet saddening vibrations in the air, immediately bethinks him, how for him too the Lord suffered, and bore meekly the taunts and buffets of wicked men. So acting instantly on the holy thought and sound combined, the humbled mouzhik hastens up to Moskva to join in the universal prayer and penitence, praise and thanksgiving, with every earnest endeavour in his soul to live for the future a life of love and brotherhood with all mankind.

In fact the Russian peasant finds that for his peculiar constitution of mind, the sound of the

mighty music of great bells in the open air, awakes more of devotional feeling, as it is traced out for us in the New Testament, than painted glass windows in either a Gothic or Grecian temple. These therefore they comparatively neglect, and the others they prosecute with an earnestness intense in the extreme. The size of the bells they care little for, except in so far as certain noble notes are only producible by a large size; but every bell is tested for its note, and at the chief private manufactories at Moskva, numbers of bells are kept constantly suspended in order that purchasers may try them by the sound they give out. If this be not satisfactory to a refined ear, no time is lost in recasting the bell; and it is extraordinary how exacting the Russian popular opinion is, so frequently requiring even long established bells to be taken down and recast. Hence few of the larger bells of Moskva have escaped being cast over and over again; and in tracing their history, it is not only necessary to ascertain its particulars as cast by its founder, *i.e.* first founder, but what was done to it by its last founder.

Thus the Tsar bell was first cast in 1654, in the reign of Alexei-Michaelovitch, with the weight of 288,000 lbs. It began to announce divine service in 1659, and continued to announce it until 19th June, 1700, when a great fire occurring in the Kremlé it was damaged. Till the year 1731 it re-

mained mute, but then, “by order of the most pious and most potent, and great Gosudarinya, the Empress Anna Ivanovna, Autocratress of all Russia, in glory of God and the acknowledged Trinity, and in honour of the Most Holy Mother of God, this bell was cast (recast) for the chief cathedral of her famous Assumption, from the 288,000 lbs. of copper of the former bell that was injured by fire, with the addition of 72,000 lbs., in the year 1734.”

How soon after this period it was re-erected for use, and whether it actually was used, is not recorded; only that in 1737, another fire destroyed its supports, and either the fall, or water poured both on it, and the burning building at the same time, caused a large piece to break out of the rim.

Such an effect of fire and water was shown purposely on the Belshoi Kolokol in 1817; when this bell,—which had first been cast under the Empress Elizabeth in 1760, of the weight of 127,984 lbs., and recast under the Empress Catherine, and had subsequently been injured by the French in 1812,—was ordered to be recast once again of the weight of 144,000 lbs., and as a preliminary it was broken into pieces by being first heated, and then having water thrown upon it.

From time immemorial Russia appears to have been celebrated for bells; Herodotus mentions a huge brazen vessel of the sort in possession of the

King of Scythia; and when, after two thousand years, the light of Christianity had assisted in revealing that land once more to Western observation, behold the people with a finer taste, and deeper feeling than ever for these tongues of bronze. When therefore Alexei-Michaelovitch cast the great bell, he was developing a true endowment and a peculiar attribute of his people; and his son Peter might have done worse than follow in the same line, instead of showing his usual contempt for any traditions of the lower Slavonic orders. But the old bell-talent and inclination thereto in the peasantry were not to be extinguished; and have since then saved the honour of their country; for, if the British Parliament, even backed up by Cambridge science, has failed twice with a 33,000 lb. bell,—we may be sure that a mere official edict in Russia in 1817, would not of itself have produced the immediate success which was there obtained in a bell of more than four times the weight of the English one. Nor perhaps would even an Imperial mandate at any time since; but in 1817, the reaction after French invasion called forth much of the native spirit of the people in mighty efforts after their kind, and bell-construction was one of these.

The re-erection then of the Bolshoi Kolokol, served as a remarkable national opportunity; and the people present at the founding, threw in abundantly of their gold, silver, plate, and rings.

Nearly two years then elapsed, much of the time being probably spent in annealing before the bell was removed from the furnace where it had been cast. And then we read in Lyall, that, "On the 23rd of February, 1819, this bell was removed on a great oaken sledge from the foundry, Te Deum being previously celebrated. In front of the bell was erected a kind of stage, on which Mr. Bogdanov (the founder) and others stood. The Imperial flag was displayed, and the motions of the machinery were regulated by the sound of the small bells suspended over the great bell. Ropes or cables were given to the crowd, who disputed the honour, not to say service, of the transportation. At a signal given, all was in motion. The sledge-road being good, they proceeded at a gentle steady pace, by the *Stretenka*, the Blacksmith's Bridge, in descending to which the sledge was retained by the crowd behind; by the *Makovaya* where they stopped opposite the *Voskresenskiya Vorotii*, or Resurrection Gates, and worshipped before the image of Iverskaya Mother of God, with the pious feeling of Christians. The Borovitskiya Gates having been previously enlarged, by taking down a small part of the wall, the bell was drawn uphill, and soon lodged at the foot of Ivan Velikii. Te Deum was again celebrated; after which the crowd threw themselves upon Mr. Bogdanov, and kissed his cheeks, his breast, his hands,

his clothes, to testify their approbation of his knowledge of his art, and their content at seeing such a fine bell once more within the precincts of the Kremlé. Mr. Bogdanov then ascended the bell, and bowed three times to each side, amidst the huzzas of the multitude."

Here then we may surely recognize much of the same deep religious feeling and national fervour, with which the mediæval Italians were animated, as long as art was progressing among them, or was still employed for ennobling purposes. Her painters and her architects then worked at their professions, as though they thought only of the glory of God; and what successes they used then to achieve! Similar success too have the Russians obtained in their line, and will undoubtedly obtain still; for their faith is strong within them, and their national ideas are about to have a fuller opportunity of display, than at any time during many centuries past. A Western critic may, we fear, be inclined to deride the notion of putting a mere bell on the same footing with a picture or an architectural utterance; but, viewed æsthetically, what are the two latter, even in their highest examples, other than a fine-art language adapted to the eye; and if the bell expresses artistic thought, and conveys meaning with pleasure to the ear, why it is a mere case of eye *versus* ear. Which is the nobler organ? Are our minds and

souls improved more by what we hear, or what we see? Is the man of sharp sight of finer intellectual temperament than him of quick hearing, or *vice versâ*? Whichever way the case may be settled in dilettanti circles, there is the broad statistical fact of one group of nations in the West who evidently prefer their æsthetical public works to be erected for the sake of the eye mainly; and there is a single nation in the east of Europe, but a giant nation, which, while by no means neglecting the eye, considers the ear, in an abstract point of view, as an organ of just as noble a character, capable of communicating as much intellectual pleasure and as high instruction, and therefore equally worthy of having great national erections for its benefit and delectation.

Hence ~~have originated the~~ magnificent bells of Russia, ~~which only a nation of refined~~ hearing would have thought of, of peculiar mechanical and chemical skill would ~~have invented the~~ methods of constructing, and of powerful, long-continued centralizing energy would have completely succeeded in producing; and hence too, as a consequence, the belfries of Russia, the most original and beautiful points in her architecture.

In all the older churches of Russia, and still in all those to which the mass of the people adhere, the belfry is separate from the church, and is generally a taller fabric; in the latter feature reminding one of

the round-towers of Ireland and Scotland, so frequently placed in close proximity to abbey or cathedral; and in the former feature, indicating a probability of the early monks having on their arrival in Russia found bells much used in the pagan worship of the land (ages before they were re-invented at Nola of Campania in Italy), and then allowing them to remain to assist at, but not join in, the purer worship of a Christian Church.

The holy and national cathedrals of the Kremlc, therefore, we may be quite sure, have their belfry apart; and as this Ivan belfry serves the whole of them, we may depend on finding it an exemplary structure. It is in, or for, it accordingly that all those large bells we have spoken of are to be found, or were prepared; and the building is not unworthy.

The chief feature is the Ivan Velikii tower; but it is only a feature, not the whole of the Ivanovskaya Kolokolnya; neither is its name, Ivan the Great, derived from the Sovereign so entitled; for the Velikii is merely added to show the superior height of the structure, two hundred and seventy feet, and was so called after a very humble but hard-working sacred scribe, Ivan, the writer of the "Stair," i.e. "a collection of *stepeni*, or steps, describing in Slavonian the progress of a good life to complete virtue." The tower is the earliest existing part of the building, and was erected "by the will of the Holy Trinity,



and by order of the Tsar and Great-Duke Boris Godunov, in the year 1600," on the site, doubtless, of a much older structure. The lower part is massive, octagonal, loopholed, and then come bells ; next rises above them a second portion, of smaller diameter, octagonal, loopholed, and then circling arches of bells ; again a decrease of diameter, and the tower shoots up for a third time, octagonal, and with bells ; but above these last it becomes cylindric, with elegant *basso-rilievo* ornamentation, then pierced by a ring of thin loopholes, then enclosed by three rows of gilded and painted inscription one over the other, while above them flashes the pure golden dome of exquisite form and symmetry, surmounted with a cross eighteen feet high.

From all sides and at all distances we ever admired this golden dome, so exquisitely proportioned, and, by means of these three rows of writing so admirably blended into the substance and material of the walls, and rendered an appropriate and necessary part of the whole. Its full and elate figure, as it were, was enhanced by comparison with the gilded dome of the second portion of the building, the kolokolnya proper ; a lower and broader pile, with columns and small windows below in place of cyclopean panelling and loopholes ; and above, over the open archwork of huge and many bells, a richly-ornamented but less aspiring tower, whose dome, flattened down to a rich

elliptical curve, might claim to rival that of Ivan Velikii in beauty and yet contrast most powerfully in figure. This part of the belfry was erected long after the troubled reign of Boris and his son, or the scenes they gave rise to with the false Dmitrii and the Poles ; as was also the third portion, bearing bells still, like the others, but crowned and adorned by pinnacles and conical green roofs bearing gilded stars to the sky, and a cross on the final summit.

“ Erected was this,” says the inscription, “ by the grace of God, by order of the most pious and Christian Sovereign Tsar, Great-Duke, and Autocrat of all Russia, Michael Phedorovitch, by the benediction and by the council of, by carnal birth his Royal Father, and by spiritual rank his Father and Patron the great Gospodin, the Most Holy Patriarch of Moskva, and of all Russia, Philaretes Nikitich.”

Yet was not this belfry, in all its beauty and all its innocence, safe from Napoleonic treatment. Madened at the Russians depriving him of their own winter quarters by burning the habitable houses of Moskva, and calling them barbarians for so doing, the great Bonaparte set bravely to work to blow up and destroy the most cherished of their sacred edifices. So the Ivanovskaya Kolokolnya was doomed, mined, and blown up ; as we may presume will be Westminster Abbey, if the English people, after having been suddenly invaded some unexpected day, were to rally

and compel a French Emperor to retreat from London ; or, as both English and Russians certainly did not do toward Notre Dame in Paris. By this proceeding the second and third portions of the Ivan building were destroyed, and the tower itself got a dreadful shake, having been rent from top to bottom, and somewhat thrown out of the vertical.

So well though have the Russians repaired all such damage that we should never have suspected, by eyesight alone, when we were beholding the matchless form of this building in September, 1859, that any such calamities had ever happened. Indeed, as we looked up then to the successive bell-galleries of the great Ivan, we thought, not of the Soltikov swivels which the French having mounted thereon, were accustomed to fire in order to communicate intelligence to the different divisions of their army in and around the city,—but we thought of the stereoscopic and bird's-eye photographs of Moskva which we should be able to procure, were our camera once safely established at the height. This proved to be not quite so easy a feat to accomplish, for at the entrance-door we were met and resisted by the same set of disreputable and noisy young ruffians in black, who had denied us admittance the previous evening, unless we paid them some preposterous number of rubles.

To-day they were again as clamorous, and inclined to be insulting ; and as they seemed to tenant the

whole interior of the building and held the keys, there was no prevailing against them.

Quietly we deposited the photographic apparatus by the great bell, and began to sketch. After a while so spent, one of the black-frocked youths, in a somewhat ~~milder~~ and less excited tone than before, intimated that for about one-third fewer rubles than what he had before demanded, we might ascend with our traps.

“No, my dear good young man,” we answered, “have we not arranged to catch you this day, and is not our friend of Brigadier rank to be here within a quarter of an hour; and will he not enable us to ascend on our peaceful errand without being indebted anything to you? We shall see, ~~depend upon~~ it; for verily it is for his arrival alone that we are now waiting before you.

## CHAPTER IX.

## ADIEU TO MOSKVA.

September.

To one whom business or appointment obliges to spend any length of time within Moskva's sainted Kremlé enclosure, its walls and towers stand forth pre-eminently as objects of extraordinary interest. Walls twelve to sixteen feet thick and thirty feet high, though unadapted to modern warfare, must surely have been capable of defence in a former day. But then they are so rich in ornament, is the answer, and so full of fairylike open work and delicate architectural fancies.

True, no doubt, but observe that such work is always high up; the lower part of every structure is invariably solid to a degree, and writers are now pretty sure that they were all erected, much as we see them, on the ruins of Dmitrii Donskoi's old walls by Ivan Vasilievitch I. in 1485. That was a brilliant

period for the nation ; and one of the earliest employments of the freed people was, most prudently and necessarily, to build themselves good walls around their churches and palaces ; strong ones, because sudden Tahtar incursions might still be expected ; and ornamental, because Russians are dearly fond of decorating that which they truly love. The reign of Ivan was still the day of bow-and-arrow warfare ; so towers and loopholes and tall walls were what were chiefly needed,—not the angular bastions of modern fortification, which Coxe, otherwise so correct, introduces into his large map of Moskva under the Empress Catherine the Great. At present, and to our ideas, the gateways with **their** tasteful surmountings, look more like Gothic churches than forts, and they now do bear the name simply of *vorotui*, or gates ; but at the time of their erection **they** were called “strelnitsi,” *i.e.* towers for archers, as recorded in certain inscriptions still to be read, and testifying how from 1485 to 1492 sundry Italian architects, acting we may suppose under pretty strong compulsion to suit their western Gothic to a Russian air, erected the several “strelnitsi,” and completed different lengths of the wall. Being only of brick, it is not at all improbable that these works have undergone extensive repairs and renovations since they were first erected, but happily always in the olden style, unadulterated ; and one of the towers in par-

ticular which we admired perhaps more than many others, and thought quite a miracle of architectural sculpturesque in mere brick, viz. the south-west tower, "the 'Tower of the Waters'" by name, is the very one of all the wall-circle which the French, notwithstanding the hurry of their turning out from the Kremle, found time to mine and blow up; *i.e.* the prototype of the present erection, for they succeeded in their destructive purposes only too well.

A fearful thing truly is a French invasion; and though a philosophic historian, calmly judging of events long past, may come to the conclusion that the mission of the ancient Romans was to destroy and trample down and kill; "and how well they performed ~~their~~ part, too!" he adds; yet in our own time, and for our own benefit, we cannot so quietly contemplate this mantle of Augustan Romans descending on the shoulders of Bonaparte princes; especially ~~when these~~ appear on the scene with half a million of eager Gallic soldiers at their backs, all brought up in the belief that the sword is a civilizing agent, and ~~that~~ the ruin of neighbouring countries, is the only means of making Frenchmen happy or contented at home.

We drove out that evening, after we had had some little settlement with the young gentlemen in black, "*élèves* of the church," they were said to be, in the Ivan belfry,—to the Vorobéevya Gora, or

Sparrow Hills; and for miles and miles passed through old scenes of the burnings of 1812. Bonaparte had made his public entrance on the 14th of September, "and in a few hours, thousands of merchants' shops were broken open, plundered, and set on fire." These doings of their own men, the French officers described merely as a few slight indiscretions, which were of no consequence at all. But the stern Russian people did not regard them in that light; and on the very next day they began to destroy by fire that which they determined these wholesale brigands should never, never enjoy. Not much preparation was necessary, for at this season of the year, every Russian householder will have laid in his winter's supply of wood, and made every house, as it were, its own arsenal and magazine. So for a month the burnings went on, till more than three-fourths of this immense city were destroyed.

Harrowing descriptions have been given of the fearful spectacles that occurred during the period of the fire; but more touching still, and more convincing of the extent of the destruction, the picture which Mr. James draws two years after. The repairs of the city were begun almost the moment the French had left in the end of October, 1812; but still in 1814, James could write, "In making these various excursions, it was lamentable to behold, in whatever direction we passed, similar scenes of



wreck and havoc were constantly before us. It is not difficult to picture to one's mind the appearances of an ordinary town reduced to a state of ruin ; but to traverse a place of thirty-five versts in circumference, and find everywhere the same features, was a display of horror that far exceeds the utmost limits of fancy. The citizens had been diligent in repairs, it is true, though little indeed could the labour of two years produce in a city of such dimensions. The few habitations that were reserved showed but as spots in the wide waste, and seemed scarce to diversify this universal scene of desolation."

On and on drove our droshky, through the now well-repaired streets ; passed through the whole breadth of the Zemlianoi Gorod, and then through several miles of the Slobodii, or suburbs, due southwards, until, before we were very definitely aware of it, the ramparts were past, and we were in the true open country, toiling up a gentle ascent by deep sandy roads. Gradually these tended more and more westward, disclosing our position on the edge of the table-land that comes right away from Smolensk and Poland, to break down in a steep slope of three hundred feet deep, to the bed of the Moskva river, and command a map-like view of the alluvial flat beyond. The scene was becoming more intelligible every moment, and at length when

we had passed a humble church, with a few log-built houses about, and arrived at rather a flattened and artificial part of the escarpment,—there and then was the whole thing before us, as complete and well appointed as if every part had been duly prepared by man.

On either side, the hill curved forward like the walls of a colossal amphitheatre; the river below, a huge serpent of blue, followed this bend; and then, with the solar orb, as it was just at that instant, exactly behind our backs, there in front lay the bright white city of Moskva, stretching along seven miles of the horizon, glittering, twinkling, and flashing with all its myriad domes of gold. The near parts of the view were full of greenery, the hill-steep was densely clothed with shrubs, and the vast flats beyond the river were dotted here and there by fine clumps of tall trees, which corrected the too uniform tints of strongly cultivated cabbage, and other garden-produce, fields; varied also were these by an occasional church or monastery, and especially the great Devitchei, spreading abroad its turreted lines like a fortified encampment of the middle ages. Beyond this region, buildings multiplied amazingly; then came a charming bend of the river, bearing many boats on its breast; and round about and away from that stretched the sea of towers and domes, and brilliant white architecture, which

announced "Holy Mother Moskva." Not for seven miles only, but for more nearly twelve, along the northern horizon were golden-domed buildings frequent; and we wondered more than ever at the extent and beauty of the great city we had been living in. Distance here, combined with the brilliant solar illumination, completely annihilated the special colours of particular edifices, and they seemed each and all now cut out of the purest alabaster, creations of exquisite light, yet bland and subdued, except where a surface of gold lent vigour to the reflected beams.

The Kremle was conspicuous, with its multitudinous domes, and the graceful form of the Ivan Velikii; the Pokrovskoi Sobore, and many another cathedral could be identified, but the chief beauty of the whole from this point, was the new church of our Lord and Saviour, situated in the southern parts of the city. It is a huge erection of fair white stone, by a native artist, Tonn, and though not yet quite completed in its architecture, exhibits a magnificent effect of electro-plated gold, on its large central dome, and four smaller cupolas. Not only too is the scale gigantic, but the art is admirable, first of gathering in the dome after a manner below, and then expanding it again, thus making it appear an essential part of the building; secondly, so shaping its conical surface in angles, and with vertical ribs,

and where these join towards the summit, interlacing them with other forms, as to produce not only a pleasing architectural effect to gazers close by, but an optical effect also at the distance of the Sparrow Hills, which was to us perfectly ravishing. There, the very portion of the building, *i.e.* the great dome, which under a Western architect would have been gloomy even to blackness with oxidized sheet lead, was most startling in its splendour, and that splendour was endued with a deep meaning suitable to the high purpose of the building; for while the body of the dome gave forth a steady glow of light, as of the Sun of Righteousness, the minuter corrugations of its upper constituent parts were reflecting a thousand smaller lights, which, twinkling hither and thither with never-ceasing activity, gave to the summit an appearance of living tongues of lambent, ethereal flame, that testified to the zeal and burning faith of the Christian believers within.

This new church is specially connected with the French invasion. The French army did not see it, but what they did see of the city without this additional decoration was glorious enough; for they arrived on the last edge of the hill just about that most witching hour of the afternoon, when the sun is behind a spectator, and shines full on the wide-spreading city before him. Then it was that they all grounded their muskets without order, and

gazed silently enraptured after their manner, and overcome with admiration at the bountiful feast of expected riot and plunder which the genius of their chief had prepared for them. This was one of those surpassing rewards of which they had flattered themselves there was henceforth to be a never-ending supply, when the bells and guns of Paris had proclaimed a year before that there was a young Napoleon born ; for in him and his future line they saw nothing else, and in their minds there could be nothing more holy than an illimitable perspective of European campaigns, with accompaniments of French soldiers enjoying themselves in every capital of Europe. "What more cheering sight is there," said an officer in Paris to us a few years since, "than to see some thousands of young men sallying forth to make war? Their equipage is brilliant, their clothing gay ; they conquer to themselves in a moment and enjoy at pleasure, whatever the industry of another country has been toiling for years to accumulate ; and when they return to their own land they are favoured by the wealthy and the fair, with more ovations than all the philosophers who ever lived, have together obtained."

As long as these sort of warlike proceedings go on prosperously, every plan of prosecuting them is thought fair by their perpetrators ; and the early French Generals merely laughed at Austrian com-

plaints of their, the revolutionary captains, not following the orthodox rules of war. But when the said French Generals and their great chief, at a maturer age, came to Russia and eventually suffered disasters dire, "Oh," then, "it was not fair what the Russians did. He, Napoleon Bonaparte, was perfectly ready to fight them anywhere on plain ground, and was certain he would beat them; but he could not be expected to battle against cold and hunger and flame."

\* This is evidently only the old, old story, of those who take the sword perishing by the sword; and the gay nation which fought for glory and riches, even during peace transcending its neighbours in many fine and peculiar qualities, had to discover that there are men in the world who can conduct war on a sterner footing than is agreeable to French genius; and have more lasting principles as well as better motives for exertion.

A bitter foreboding of doom would it be for Europe, were the Russian armies as prone to offensive war, as they are reliable in defensive, and were their religion very easily convertible into a deification of military renown. But so far from that, their first proceedings after the expulsion of their invaders, were eminently peaceful; the re-building of Moskva, the furnishing homes and employments to the multitude of distressed, and then the erection of a mag-

nificent temple to God their Saviour. The commencement of this solemn building was made in 1817, on this very part of the Sparrow Hill, but the site was subsequently transferred to the southern quarter of the city, or the spot whereon we now observe those matchless domes of gold, crowned with their ethereal living flame of light.

Of the spirit which actuated the Russian people in this dedication, some idea may be gathered from the following portions of an inaugural address by the acting Metropolitan, on occasion of laying the foundation-stone.\*

“ What do we ? Do we wish to erect pyramids in honour of our compatriots who, by immovable fidelity to the Tsar, by burning love to their country, by their praiseworthy combats on the field of battle, have joined their names to those worthy of our eternal benediction ? Oh, no ! What is man without God ? God, the Lord of the wise ; God, having ordained ~~his~~ undertakings, gives reason and wisdom. The Lord of Sabaoth girds the impotent with strength, and ~~renders~~ futile the bow of the strong. Then, what do we ? In the sight of heaven and earth,—confessing the unspeakable mercy and benevolence which the Supreme Lord of the world has been pleased to extend over us—attributing to Him alone all the success, all the glory of the late wars,—

\* Lyall's ‘ Travels in Russia,’ vol. ii. p. 490.

we lay the foundation of a temple, consecrated to our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"O God, with our eyes we have seen who accomplished these things in our days; therefore not by our humble sword elevated over the enemy, our own power did not save us! Thou alone savedst us from those who despitefully fell upon us, and put them to confusion. O let us praise God all the day long, and sing of His name through eternity."

"Thou, the capital, particularly bearest upon thyself the stamp of the wonders of God; among thy ruins was broken the terrible power of the destroyer; the flames exterminating thee, also destroyed his strength; it inflamed the hearts of the Russians, and of other nations, for the return of peace and tranquillity. Therefore let us exalt the Lord our God, and standing on the bank of this, His holy hill, worship Him in spirit and in truth."

With such sentiments ruling the general proceedings of this nation, civilization need by no means be alarmed on seeing that people's development towards being one of the greatest powers of the earth: not only in territory as it is already beyond compare, but in population and acts, wealth and influence.

Thinking thus over what the future might unroll, we wandered for an hour in the solemnity of night over the Krasnaya Plostchad of the Kitai Gorod, with the groves of golden crosses of the Kremlé between our eyes and the moon's pale crescent.



How quiet was the scene ! You might at times have fancied that it was all a dream of a departed nation, of a people who having already worked out the ends designed for them by Providence, are gone to their final account. But next morning, when the whole arena was once more filled with interminable crowds and streams of a busy, commercial and manufacturing population, you recognized how the previous quiet had been the healthy refreshing sleep of a strong man ; yea, even of a giant, and a strong one, who is only now beginning to run his victorious race in the world.

By noon of that next day we had taken our places once again in the railway train to return to St. Petersburg, and away sped the carriages over the undulating environs of the older capital. When at length some thirty miles away, black clouds were observed to the north-east, and presently a little country village was seen on fire, church and wooden houses and everything except the poor peasants themselves. We never before saw smoke so dreadfully black, or flames so awfully red. There was immense excitement in our long carriage, for every one crowded towards the windows on that side, and the great tongues of flame could be heard to crackle, and the black funereal volumes of smoke were now rolling over our heads. Suddenly, and while this was

precisely at its height, the train passed us in front of a little platform where stood a soldier-guard signalling the usual order of safety along the line ; and there he stood with outstretched arm like a statue, immovable, while close behind him were the crimson flames leaping upon and devouring his homestead and his resident village ; but he, like a true soldier of his nation, “ inaccessible to fear, and incapable of treason,” had received his orders, and therefore undeviatingly performed them to the uttermost, like the Roman legionaries overwhelmed on guard in the gates of Pompeii. All this we saw as an exquisite and telling picture in one moment, and at the next we were plunged into the trough of a deep railway cutting.

It was not a very long one, but there were high banks beyond, and then tall trees, and before we could again look easily in the direction of either soldier or village, we seemed to have arrived in a completely different part of the country ; and in truth we could never learn a word further of the fate of either the one or the other.

A sprinkling of military with civilians of various degrees occupied the carriage we were in, and amongst the latter there were many famous John-Bull kind of countenances, and one example amongst them we specially noted as being so utterly un-French, un-German, un-Italian,—unlike any nationality except Great Britain in general, and in particular a late lamented

Lord of Session in Edinburgh, who was in his earlier years "the greatest advocate that ever appeared in Parliament-house." There was the same commanding high-souled eye, which could be stern to blackness, and haughty beyond all approach, and yet again could be sweet as summer in his private life, beaming with generosity, or sparkling with radiant wit; the same, or almost the same height and breadth of forehead with length of head, but united with a rather stronger form of body and ruder tone of health; such, therefore, as the great Scottish lawyer would perhaps have been had fate determined that his days should be spent in the capacity of a country squire, rather than in studying black-letter law, and burning midnight oil over tangled cases of legal dispute and subtile verbal difficulty. Something of the squire species, or rather a noble living on his property "after six or seven years spent in the service," the Russian gentleman proved to be; and he was now bringing up one of his sons to join the Diplomatic College in St. Petersburg.

This youth presently took the opportunity of a vacant place on the seat before us, to enter into a long conversation, and in such excellent or rather perfect English that we could scarcely believe he had never been out of Russia. Yet so it was; and he ran on for a long time with a deal of information about the growth of the manufactures in Moskva and its

suburbs. The numerous beautiful iron castings, which as open-work staircases were now becoming so general all over the city, owed their origin to an Englishman. He had arrived a poor workman, had made some invention for which the authorities paid him handsomely, and was now worth a million and a half of rubles. But the chief manufacturing interests about Moskva are those of the nobles. They had to retrieve their fortunes after the burning of the city; so having first joined the army and assisted in beating the cruel enemy back all through Europe to his own country, they found themselves, before they were aware of it, made acquainted with the system of modern manufactures,—the source of the wealth of the West. On their return, therefore, each nobleman, in place of rebuilding his former large palace and keeping five hundred or a thousand footmen, erected a manufactory, and made his numerous “Jeameses” work therein. By degrees it was found that forced labour is very slow, and that it was more profitable for the nobleman mill-master to hire workmen than to use his own serfs. Now the workmen he hired were generally serfs to some other lord, who also had found it most profitable to allow his legal servants to hire themselves out as freemen. And thus in a short time many of the old feudal households of the ancient Russian nobility were broken up. But when this was done, both lords

and ladies found themselves better served at home with a few dozen hired servants, than by hosts of their own serfs ; while large profits soon began to be derived from the various mills.

“ Here,” said the young man, “ we are at Tver ; and there,” he added laughing, “ is a row of the mills wherewith our government is going to ruin England. Tver is a promising site for general manufactures, situated, as well as Moskva, on the coal strata, and besides that on the noble Volga stream. Not only are there here many Imperial and nobles’ manufactories, but all the peasants of the region are so impregnated with manufacturing notions, as well as infused with the principles of organization and regulation, that they club together, one village, or two or three villages, to build a great cotton-mill, or a samovar manufactory, for themselves ; and the affairs of the mill are conducted so skilfully by a council of their old ‘ whiteheads,’ that they run the profits of the noble’s or merchant’s manufactory hard by, very close ; and have the satisfaction of dividing all the profits among themselves. These notions of the inhabitants of a village managing their own affairs for themselves are of very old date.”

So far the juvenile diplomate had been most communicative ; but when we unfortunately asked him further particulars about the origin of those customs of his country, he grew suddenly very retired, and

answered only that they (the Russians) did not like their early history to be known by other nations.

Why or wherefore we could not extract, only that it is so.

At the next station, when the train stopped, a spiritless lump of a military officer in the huge grey cloak and two-foot cape of a Muscovite entered, and must needs drop down into the vacant place of the lively and well-informed diplomatic cadet; so he, when he entered from the refreshment-room where he had been satisfying a growing lad's appetite, was compelled to move to a distant part of the carriage, and we had no more talk with him. But much we ruminated on what he had said of real early Russian history not having yet been published, and the people themselves disliking it to go out of their own keeping.

"Is it so good, or is it so bad?" we wondered; and as we now saw on looking out of the carriage windows, that the train was once again dashing through a country of cold marsh and grass and wood, or in other words had reached the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg,—we determined to try, on a second visit there, to look into things in general a little more deeply than before.

THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.

PART III.

ST. PETERSBURG REVIEWED.

“ He comes—the Lord of Victory !  
A thousand bolts his hand sends forth,  
He rules the South, he guides the North,  
The Crescent and the Lion flee.”

*Dmitriev:* BOWRING.



## PART III.

### ST. PETERSBURG REVIEWED.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE EMPEROR'S NAME-DAY.

September.

ON the morning of the 10th of September, we were once again in the Nevski Prospekt of St. Petersburg; but the scene was unusual; the populace were crowded on either side of that most lengthy street, and both military and police were present in considerable numbers. The sky was gloomily grey, and the air more than autumn cold. Suddenly there stalked up to us the tolerably well-known figure of a radical and untoward Celt. In general, he was accustomed on meeting us to lay down the law on everything; and in pretty nearly everything, we used to find out afterwards that he had been completely mistaken; but now he came up actually inquiringly.

“Do you know,” he vouchsafed to ask, “what all this is about? I’ve been to my club, but no one can tell me, or at least they dare not. The country

is in a very uneasy state, I can assure you ; and the police most iniquitously active, carrying off educated men by fifties ; where to ? no one knows. Why only yesterday I asked a Russian friend of mine a question, and before he would answer me, he looked round about to see if there was any one within ear-shot, and then he took me into another room, and would there only tell me in a whisper. Yet it was a perfectly innocent matter after all. Oh ! I can prove to you that every man here is in constant danger of his neighbour ; and they are all fearing a general explosion. This great gathering of the people forebodes no good. I've been talking about many things to my man Petrushka,—he's a serf on *obrok* ; *i.e.* he pays his master so much a year for leave to come into town and push his fortune,—and I said to him one evening, ' Petrushka, don't you think the Emperor is a long time in giving you your promised freedom ? ' Well, he did not answer anything, but I could see clearly enough that he didn't like it. So then, as there was a little water still in the samovar, I made him a cup of tea ; and after that I said to him, ' Petrushka, how hard you must have to work, to make up all that obrok you've got to pay to your master ! ' And then didn't his teeth grind together. And there's been very bad news from some of the country districts ; the serfs have been rising and the military have been mowing them down with grape-

shot. The Government tries to keep it all secret, but the truth will out ; and I dare say its some rumour of that sort which is making such a conspiring here just now."

"Nay, indeed," we succeeded at last in putting in, "it's merely the worthy Petersburgers gathering to see their Emperor in his transit to the shrine of Alexander Nevski. This is the especial fête-day of that saint who is the name-father of the Emperor ; so it is, to the religiously disposed, a more important occasion than even the Emperor's own birthday. There was a young diplomate in the railway carriage coming from Moskva who told us all about it, and it is by his advice that we have come here to see."

"Oh ! you can't believe a word that those young fellows in uniform tell you. They're a bad lot, the whole of them," returned our pertinacious alarmist. "There's a great deal more in it than what he let out, I can warrant you. Just look at some of those sinister countenances ; and see how almost entirely the crowd is made up of men. In fact, I'm sure there's a revolution coming on, and I'll go and hear what poor Petrushka has to say about it."

So off he went, and we being free again, pushed our way forward, up that long straight street, the Nevski Prospekt, hoping for some decrease in the continual crowd of people that lined either pavement. But past all the bridges we went, and yet there was no

clear view of the central roadway. Windows and balconies of public buildings were filled, some gaily, some strangely; at one of the latter was a row of conical-hatted and long-robed Armenian priests, and no small variety of costume on the pavement. At length, however, when we had nearly traversed half the long line between the Winter Palace at one end of the Prospekt, and Alexander Nevski's cathedral at the other, and were beginning to fear that the procession would pass us unseen, the crowd thinned out in a very broad part of the street, and we immediately obtained foremost places.

Then we perceived that nearly the whole breadth of the roadway was preserved intact by isolated police sentries, each many yards from the other; and the middle of it was laid down with a series of platforms, that made a continuous planken carriage-path over all the pebbly portions of the pavement. The spectators must have been waiting long, and very patiently; but just as some symptoms seemed to come floating upon the breeze telling that the procession was actually beginning its march lower down, then the notion took first one individual, and then another, that if they had previously been content with being on the left side of the street, they must now run across to the right or they would see nothing; and similarly those on the right, thought just at the last moment that there was no place to be

at so good as the left. But by-and-by the police interfered, and one man was stopped in the middle of his rapid passage across the street, and told to go back. On his refusing, the policeman prepared to make him return; and almost by magic four or more policemen were concentrated on the spot in a moment. Then while they were palavering and conducting the refractory spectator back to his own side, lots of people above or below that particular point, took the opportunity to make a quick run of it, some from right to left, and just about as many from left to right. The great body of spectators, though, did not seem much to like this exhibition of unequal fortune, if not partial justice, so far as that one compulsory case was concerned; yet they quieted when the galloping hoofs of a horse were heard, and strained their eyes and stretched their necks Winter-Palace-wards to see what was coming. On came the sounds nearer and nearer, and presently there passed before us a liveried servant of the palace, riding away apparently on some message to Alexander Nevski Cathedral. Riding undoubtedly he was, but on such a horse! It was the only sorry horse we had seen or were to see in Russia. Oh! the lamentable spectacle, for it was the most miserable hack you can imagine, of a broken-down Rozinante, forced to go against its will into a sort of rocking-horse canter. No one seemed to know what to

think of it until a stray black dog, as shrewd and witty as a Skye terrier but about twice the size, scampered out into the open, past the policemen, ran impudently after the Palace messenger, barked in good honest loud tones of contempt at the horse's heels for a few paces, and then,—turning about, stood still conceitedly in the very middle of the street, wagging his tail to either pavement, and seeming to call for approbation to his gallant deed ; and he called for it in a manner that at once elicited cheers and laughter from all beholders.

Shortly after things were thus made pleasant again, deep-voiced “ourrahs” were heard apparently running up the sides of the street ; and in a brilliant cavalcade, came the Emperor, and officers of staff splendidly mounted ; then a golden coach drawn by eight black horses, a groom in cloth-of-gold by every horse's head, and an enormously fat coachman, a prodigy of bulk, in similar costume on the box. The Empress and heir apparent were inside the coach in court dress, and bowing to the people through the very large plate-glass windows. Then followed another similar coach with six horses and six grooms and fat coachman all in cloth-of-gold. After this came another and another bearing ladies of the Court ; in all, there were twelve golden coaches, and none of them drawn by fewer than six magnificently caparisoned horses. These passed on, and

were followed by detachments of all the cavalry regiments in the garrison, Circassians in armour of silver and steel, Persians in conical fur caps and garments striped with yellow and brown, true Kozaks of the Don, and Russian Imperial Guards in a variety of more Western uniforms.

Thus they all passed by on their way to the Emperor's shrine of worship, while the crowd behind them began to break up, and its component members to pursue their own several avocations and destinations. These were in most cases to some one or other of the many golden-domed churches: and in one at least, the Semenovski, we found an extra portion of the service usual in any Russian church, in the shape of preparing sacred water through means of the "Office of the Lesser Sanctification." Not that the sanctification itself is less, but only that a smaller quantity of water is concerned; for the "Greater Sanctification" refers to that grand January display, where at a large opening made through the ice, the whole waters of the Neva are blessed at once, in presence of the Court, the military, and the people; and when vast quantities of the fluid are carried away in bottles to every household, to serve during a whole twelvemonth "in curing diseases and driving away evil spirits."

On the present occasion, there was merely to be a modicum prepared for baptismal purposes; but the

crowded congregation who had assisted at the ceremony, all strove at its conclusion to obtain some material advantage; and immense and long-continued was the pressure towards the doors where one priest held a crucifix-adorned Bible to be kissed, and another asperged the kisser by sprinkling him with the "basilke," or bunch of basil-plant wet with the sacred water.

Never before had we observed so clear a proof, though in a small way, that with all the splendour of the priesthood's appointment, and the high organization of their system, Russia is not a priest-ridden country. The priests and their offices are rather a function of the will of the people; and the people are present everywhere, in season and out of season, to see that they get a due performance of all they consider meet and proper. Sometimes, no doubt, this may lead to undue restraint by ignorant zeal over learned theology; but it is at all times potent in preventing gross abuses, and ensures the future advance and general spread of true religion in this nation for many generations to come. Here, as it appeared to us, the people were evidently rather hard on the priests, for though these were tired out with their long standing services and could scarcely support themselves,—still pressed on towards them hosts and hosts of fresh devotees to kiss the sacred book and receive aspersion. Overstrained human



nature at last grew rebellious, and after fixed determined looks and misanthropic frowns, the priests, in despair of their trial ever coming to an end, began to push out the rasp-like surface of the ornamented book rather rudely against the humble lips ; and we saw one old gentleman get such an amount of asperging that it was quite a caution, and he had some trouble in getting rid of the overplus. A hint indeed it proved, for soon after that the applicants had diminished to such an extent that the priests were enabled to retire and rest them after their many hours of labour. Then hastened up to and about a large font the devout remainder of the people ; some to drink the water with eagerness into their inmost souls, and others having had a few drops poured into their hands from a sacred cup, to rub it upon some rheumatic joint or any other afflicted member of their body.

The zeal and ardour with which these works were performed, indicated pretty plainly that it is not on every Sunday that such waters can be obtained here ; for the Russian Church does not make that constant use of holy-water which the Roman Catholic does. Their (the Roman) rite is said to be descended from the ancient custom of placing plain water at the entrance of a church, or even a heathen temple, to enable the poor to wash their hands and faces, and make themselves decently and respectably clean, before entering to pay their devotions ; but the Russian

feeling does not seem to hinge so much on traditional usages sanctified by Church authority, as on New-Testament maxims, and the belief they inculcate in the efficacy of prayer ; for, before attempting to touch any of the water, every Russian prays that it may be sanctified “by the virtue, operation, and descent of the Holy Ghost ; that it may become the gift of sanctification and the forgiveness of sins ; that it may be a well springing up unto eternal life.”

Other prayers of a more materialist character follow ; and many persons object to the military forces being paraded so largely during a religious ceremony, and to a salute of big guns being fired at the completion of the whole. No doubt this has to be explained ; but so does also the very similar grand display which takes place in Edinburgh on the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It is strange enough then to see the quantity of cavalry and infantry brought into play ; but when the Royal Artillery drive up to the very church doors, not only in their best clothes, but with their new Armstrong cannon and steel-bound carriages, accompanied by ammunition-waggon, shot and shell, fuses and spare wheels, it passes the comprehension of many !

After the whole of the Church services of the Nevski-name-day are fully completed, and the Emperor may be supposed to have returned to his palace, then begins a new demonstration by his loyal

people ; for they rush to the bakers' shops and demand the cakes due to their Tsar's name-day, and called, we believe, after his name-saint, "Alexander Nevski cakes." Whereupon the bakers furnish the public, at a price often of many rubles, with an ornamental and delicate composition, which is really a dish fit to set before both an empress and an emperor.

A peculiar St. Petersburg art, it would seem to be, the making of these lordly and favourite "cakes." They are round and flat, about two inches thick, and from two to three feet in diameter,—exhibiting thus a capacious surface ; where, on a fair white ground of gently solidified rich creamy material, large initial letters are emblazoned with heraldic ornamentations, which they construct in the richest quintessence of variously preserved fruits of divers brilliant colours. You cut with ease into this delicious work of art, and then find its interior all a happy agglomeration of honey and cream, with conserve of greengage and peach, but imbued more or less throughout with the materials of Savoy biscuits, and jelly of the rarest pine-apple ; and, in conclusion, how it blends with and promotes all the finest flavour of a glass of genuine Russian tea !

Oh ! that Rome would always do such things as these, and then, what stranger is there within her gates, who would not gladly assimilate himself to every one of her customs !

## CHAPTER II.

## PALACES AND HEROES.

RETURNED once again to the now well-accustomed external look of the Admiralty Quarters of St. Petersburg, we could not long delay to profit by those two Palace tickets which we had had the felicity of receiving at the hands of a Russian lady, high-minded and enthusiastic for the glory of her country; though we still preferred, as to order of visitation, to pass by the "Winter Palace" and pay our duties first at the so-called "Hermitage." The latter building adjoins the former on the eastern side, is nearly as extensive a pile; and, after the miles of great plaster erections in the neighbourhood, is a notable relief to the eye; by dint of not only a solid and worked-stone construction, but its admirable decoration to the very utmost extent by good statues; above, below, and wherever classical precedent allows a statue to appear, whether in bronze, marble, or granite.

In the last-mentioned material, the most noticeable figures are a series of colossal Atlas men, upholding with Herculean power the roof of an entering portico. They are all cut out of the hardest the hard grey granite of Ladoga, which has here been worked and polished as admirably into artistic forms as, in the previously mentioned chapel on the Niko-layevski bridge (see Plate 3, Vol. II.), it has been made to assume more rigid mechanical shapes and stiff masonic ornaments. Such minute features too, as the starting veins and sinews in the feet of these giant Telamones of the North, are given as fully in their way as any of the bulky muscles of their thighs, arms, or breasts; and if only there had been some centuries' proof of the permanence of the present glossy surface of the whole, why then the Russian claim to have succeeded to the granite-empire of ancient Egypt would really be well established.

But we may not idle here on the threshold of such a palace as the Hermitage; for see, within the folding doors of glass, there are a dozen servitors already waiting, prepared to divest us of top-coat, goloshes, and whatever else St. Petersburg etiquette debars from entry, as well into a government office as a lady's private drawing-room.

Once conformed however to the reigning usage, it seemed as if we were made agreeably free of the whole place, though we were soon joined in the first

sculpture gallery by a respectful and not too obtrusive attendant. He was perhaps rather desirous occasionally of pointing out a few special subjects to notice, but did not show any indisposition to our choosing our own favourites and taking our own time to them. This latter sort of thing though at last brought its own cure, for we were evidently now in something approaching to a British Museum—full of antique marbles, with an equal number of modern ones added thereto; and hence, as we traversed room after room of well mounted and exposed statues, busts, bas-reliefs, and groups, we found ourselves inevitably arriving at that hardened and unimpressionable frame of mind which mere museum-walking is too apt to produce. Producing such state too, we fear, not only in individuals, but in nations as well; for when their time of prosperity has arrived, when a nation's fine-art galleries are numerous and filled with works of great masters, how generally do its sons from that moment cease to think originally, to observe nature for themselves, and to invent or produce anything new!

So now having already become, in spite of ourselves, negligent and supercilious, and, out of the sheer abundance spread around on every side, grown sadly deadened to the attractions of any single thing of beauty,—we passed on to other and others such with increasing unconcern, until all the statuary rooms

were gone through. Then came gracefully, Grecian and Etruscan pottery, amid an architecture though, which was all too massive for them, we thought; though nothing could be so for the occasionally interspersed gigantic pateræ of Siberian ore, serpentine, or jasper. One of these creations, fit certainly to be a goblet for the nations, being some\* sixteen to nineteen feet in mean diameter, and of elegant elliptic form, was most remarkable for its exquisite workmanship; still more so was another of a taller figure and of a veined and rose-coloured marble.

Then we entered the room of the Crimean antiquities, where much from that region, both in classic vases and golden ornaments, was exhibited; but where the city of Kertch should have had a place there was a melancholy blank, by reason of that Vandal work of destruction perpetrated in a single morning by the allied armies, unaccompanied by any scientific commission such as that which shed glory on the French invasion of Egypt more than half a century earlier. Then followed book-rooms,—the libraries of Voltaire, Diderot, and others, to the number of a hundred and ten thousand volumes, as well as the Russian library of the palace domestics; then print-rooms, manuscript-rooms, and artists' sketches rooms, in long suite, interspersed here and there with a costly malachite vase, or a jasper patera, or a lapis-lazuli candelabrum, and continual rows of columns of the lovely grey granite of Ladoga.

Let us delay for a moment before these columns, for with them there is something peculiar to the country, and we can depend on seeing old missals and black-letter printing in many another and more appropriate locality than this bran-new capital of the Tsars. They have paid, no doubt, an immense amount of attention to such things here, but have happily not forgotten, amid pursuits of mediæval *vertu*, their duty to their own times, or their place among the rising empires of the world: and these columns testify for them. For in the granite of its northern plains there lay a mission for the people of this city to fulfil, and they lost no time in taking it up; indeed we are not sure but that St. Petersburg, besides being now the first beyond compare amongst existing cities as to the gigantic size of its polished granite works, both architectural and artistic, is not likewise the pioneer in point of time.

Our long-headed countrymen in Aberdeen do certainly claim for one of their worthiest citizens the merit of re-inventing amongst them the old Egyptian methods of granite cutting and polishing, whence the fountain-basins, vases, tombstones, and bracelets which have of late been growing common amongst us, either in the pink granite of Peterhead or the grey of the "Queen of the North,"—the same hard grey whereof that particular monument must have been composed, which, according to the story



we have heard more than once, on being sent to London for erection at Kensal Green, with certain letters of the inscription uncut, did utterly there confound all the English masons, who, with their tools blunted upon it, and in despair of making any impression on its more than adamantine surface, were at last reduced to the necessity of imploring some of their more cunning Northern brethren to come to their assistance.

Yet, even granting all the honourable independence of this Scottish re-invention, how recent is its date ! Between twenty and thirty years, a friend just arrived from the banks of the Dee informs us ; and one has only to look into the quaint and particularizing volume of the late Robert Stephenson, descriptive of the building of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, to see how, no further back than in 1807, the mere quarrying of large rough blocks of granite for building purposes, was so difficult or limited,—that after excruciating delays and anxieties, that conscientious engineer was compelled against conscience to give up his original idea of a granite lighthouse for the eastern coast of Scotland ; and content himself with a small portion only of the Titan rock to form a basis and partial casing for the rest of the building ; which was then finished up with the cheaper and softer material of sedimentary sandstone.

To read, we say, of these infant efforts of our own

times for supplying mere building blocks of granite in the ancient country of Scotland ; and then to come to modern Russia and see, if not how easily, yet how multitudinously she had turned out for a period of a whole generation previously, huge monolith columns of the same substance, polished and figured like Italian alabaster,—why, really it makes one begin to suspect that our British literature does not always represent the whole facts of scientific invention and industrial history with equal fullness in every part. This Hermitage Palace, for instance, commenced by Lamotte in 1765, and completed by Guarenghi in 1804, abounds in what men of the present day, and in our country, would at once call “Aberdeen polished granite columns,” both on the ground floor, and more especially in the first story, in a colonnade over the marble staircase. Yet they are all of a date anterior to the rise of Scottish granite works ; and, as we have said before, they are monoliths.

Now the virtue of this unitic formation for a column had so insensibly approved itself to us on beholding it in St. Petersburg exemplified in pillars of all sizes, from twenty feet to eighty feet in length,—had so established itself we may say in our minds as the only way in which a column should be made, or would be, or had ever been made by any mighty nation,—that it was not until our return to Edinburgh that we fully appreciated the improvement which

the Russians have effected in this branch of modern architecture. The return however at once opened our eyes ; for when we entered a flourishing Banking-Palace situated in one of the more fashionable squares of the Modern Athens, and fitted up gorgeously only seven or eight years ago with, amongst its chief decorations, a number of columns of Aberdeen polished granite (which columns too, of the Corinthian order, we had previously been accustomed to look on as everything that they might or should be), lo ! now they hideously offended our vision, as being mere piecemeal things ; wretchedly constructed ; with their shafts of several blocks in lengths of four and a half or five feet each. That very instant the charm of these columns as works of art for an advanced nation, was to us fled for ever ; and they then reminded one only of a cracked pane of glass, of a leaky bowl, or of an epigram, which is no epigram because it fails to realize its point. Nay, they were worse still ; they gave the idea of patchwork. And what is that ? Why it is a something which may, for anything we know to the contrary, form a warmish garment ; but it reminds every one of spiritless beggary, and tailors' cabbage, and all vulgar things together ; and for our own part, we would rather have our coat cut out of rolls of coarsest drugget, than made up of shreds and clippings of any man's purple and fine linen. Patchwork, then, in a royal granite

column we can by no means abide. Greek and Roman example for constructing a pillar in pieces, may be claimed, no doubt ; but what does that show ? First of all it reminds, that both those nations had generally only fissured rocks to deal with ; secondly, that their tastes and genius were not so mechanical as those either of the ancient Egyptians or of some existing peoples ; and finally, the idea may not have struck them. There is nothing left, therefore, so far as we can see, but to confess that Russia has effectually transcended Greece and Rome, as well as several modern nations, in conquering the great granite regions of the earth, and therein developing the only proper construction for all granite column shafts, large or small.

In their mounting, there is still perhaps something to be perfected in the Russian columns ; grey granite on white marble feet, at the Hermitage, are for interiors admirable. The red granite of St. Izak, on dark bronze, will do, but no more, and something better may yet be found. But the red granite at Kazan church, on bright brass in rounded ring forms, is simply abominable. The brass may be thick, and may even be solid ; but it will persist in reminding one of the contemptible thin curled yellow-sheet-metal of which brass bedroom-candlesticks are often constructed, and of the Frenchness of the French architect who perpetrated such a combination in the Russian capital.

On the upper floor of the Hermitage, a visitor

enters its chief picture-galleries. There are still to be seen at intervals imperial vases of malachite; giant decorations of lapis-lazuli; tables almost innumerable, covered with cameos fifteen thousand in number, they say; and others with gems, medals, and pastes; but pictures are evidently the characterizing feature of the region. We have heard persons discussing as to the twentieth room or the thirtieth, and even the forty-first, and we doubt not their full and perfect existence; good rooms all of them, generally well lighted, filled, and arranged. They possess, too, some things by Rembrandt, Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, Vandyke, and others of the precious, amongst the great masters, which have magic power enough to stop even a racehorse museum-walker in full career. The Dutch school likewise is strong, as well as numerous; dreadfully numerous however; and while there are many of its canvases and panels, of which you can find nothing to say in their praise either as to their design, colour, composition, or execution,—there are some few, not only showing the low, vulgar, and sometimes dirty scenes of Dutchland and Flemishdom; but indulging in such immorality of the same general character, that, were they ours, we should have no compunction at all in tossing them out of the window into the Neva below; and perhaps we might prevail on a few of the Italian copies to follow them.

A new picture-room, we were glad to find, has been fitted up, since the date of any printed details we have met with; and is devoted to the "Russian School." Its chief ornaments are, the two well-known pictures (twenty feet by thirty, we would suggest, as a guess from memory) of "Moses Raising the Serpent in the Wilderness," by Bruni; and the "Destruction of Pompeii," by Brulov. They can hardly be said to have any national traits about them, and we believe they were both painted at Rome; yet being by Russian artists educated there, they exhibit at least the capacity of the Russian mind to receive such culture; and not only so, but to ascend to the very first ranks of it. Both pictures may be considered figure subjects, and in physique as well as costume have happily escaped from all traces of modern conventionalisms and everyday reminders; while the whole style of treatment seems to combine, with the modern Parisian freedom, vigour, and boldness of conception, much of the deeper feeling, and more perfect skill in execution, of the true Italian school. Hence, in the Pompeii scene, among the young damsels and old men, flying in wild consternation, only to be immured in the perishing ruins of their devoted city, and their garments ceasing to serve the full purposes they were originally intended for,—are to be found model heads and example limbs that might be con-

sidered illustrations of the very ideal type of the abstract human form ; representing, with matchless feeling for beauty, most varied characteristics of age and youth, in mind and body, with every effect of foreshortening, and all the diversified illuminations, direct or reflected, of the dreadful fiery scene.

Something might be said in favour of several other very respectable Russian pictures ; but we grieve to say, that the next most remarkable work to those of Bruni and Brulov's masterpieces, is a grand sea-scape, representing ocean waves ; representing also, perhaps, the ambitious efforts of a Muscovite mind to rise superior to its territorial trammels ; and, precisely because in either the Baltic or Black Sea, only "*mutton*" undulations are to be seen,—therefore does a St. Petersburg artist delight to represent the heaving masses of the Indian or Pacific oceans, scenes with which he can never have any familiar acquaintance. But he, the artist of this particular picture, was determined to make his marine disturbances big enough ; so the whole sea is arranged in three huge mountains of water ; and then all the received variations of tint in aerial perspective are lugged in, and torn to positive rags, in pictorially magnifying the size of those mountain masses ; the nearest of them being painted pure grass-green ; the second rich purple ; and the furthest . cobalt blue ; while on the horizon is a

vivid sun in a crocus sky ; and in the forewater, on a piece of brown wreck, a red man, burning with indignation at the long mountainous climb of bright green water the artist has set before him. Yet the picture has been doubly approved of by the painter's countrymen ; for not only is it here among the honoured and would-be immortalized works of its school, as one of the superhuman founders of it indeed ; but a full-sized copy of the picture was being made by a young artist while we were there.

In another part of the galleries, the servitor who had faithfully accompanied us thus far, held some secret communications with a knot of similar men found in waiting at a special passage ; and after a few signs and signals we were suddenly spirited into a new apartment. The door was immediately closed behind us, and we found a benignant old gentleman for our guide in "the Peter the Great corridor." That is a long narrow room, or series of rooms, in a straight line, whereunto almost all the curiosity memorials of the reforming Tsar have lately been gathered, from the thousand and one separate palaces they have been hitherto scattered amongst.

Here therefore was furniture that had belonged to "Peter ;" his stuffed horse (a small, round-necked thing, like those which the French Raffet is fond of reproducing in his Bonaparte sketches) ; his two dogs and man also ; and then the stick was brought



out equal to his height, over six mortal feet. "From their race came Peter the Great," is the inscription on the Naryshkin monument at St. Alexander Nevski; and after such an instance of the advantage of a reigning family for once-in-a-way marrying into that of a subject, it is wonderful that the experiment has not been tried again.

There was a good portrait here of this regenerator of his country; dark in countenance, large-eyed, stern, muscular, and vehement; and there was also, alas! when a curtain was drawn, a wax-work, life-sized figure of him, in the same identical court suit of light-blue and silver, which his cheerful helpmeet Catherine assisted him on with over his plain brown jacket, when he had suddenly to prepare for receiving the Persian ambassadors in state; and she, looking on him in his fine toggery, could not help laughing out in her own cheery manner, to see how unlike his usual self her own Tsar appeared.

Old palace fittings abounded in this saloon; looking-glass frames and vases and caskets, all of filigree silver, until we were perfectly tired with the uniform thready stuff; and jewelled snuff-boxes, and jewelled bouquets of flowers, until we cared no more to look on real jewels, than on the two-inch paste rubies that adorned the musical peacock's glass house; but when the ancient butler-man showed us some of Peter's carving and turning, there was a subject

of more interest opened up. How on earth that primitive muscular genius, who died at the early age of fifty-two years, could have continued to find time to execute all the pieces of handiwork attributed to him, in every large city of the extensive Russian empire, is astonishing beyond compare ; and even if he had lived the idlest of passive reigns, it would have been difficult. But he, we know, was a reformer, who himself and on his own ideas, reformed church and state and army too, created a navy, altered the calendar, invented an alphabet for an immense nation ; taught them and kept them to improved arts of peace as well as war ; crushed rebellions, and waged many wars against divers nations ; greatly extended the bounds of his empire, and so consolidated and strengthened its fabric, that it has gone on increasing ever since, instead of, like many another conqueror's empire, falling to pieces the instant he is laid in the grave.

How could this man then, descend to carving lilliputian holy families, and apostle groups, in ivory or box-wood ; and not disgracefully neglect the cares of state ; like a monarch of the lower Greek empire, when he took to painting ecclesiastical pictures ; or a Spanish Bourbon, on manifesting a decided turn for hemming dresses for the Virgin, or making pastry ? The mere time to get up the necessary artistic skill reported in Peter's works,

is as surprising as anything, indeed quite a psychological curiosity ; and therefore, one object we had in bringing our photography to Russia was, to procure in that way, faithful transcripts of exactly the degree of perfection to which the Tsar of genius had attained. For as to trusting to written accounts, ask any professional painter if a literary critic's description alone ever enabled him to judge of the real merit of a picture. We obtained an answer, however, to our doubts ; and an explanation of our difficulties, rather unexpectedly.

The benignant guide showed us first, some strange pieces of delicate turning ; sort of fly-castle things, such as may be seen at Holtzapfel's, or other approved makers of gentlemen-amateurs' turning-lathes ; but when he showed us also bas-reliefs in wood, representing not only the Scripture subjects already mentioned, but battle-pieces, with several hundred figures admirably executed in the space of a few square inches,—we were mightily astonished. Seeing however a similar one in brass, we asked if that were also the Tsar's doing ? “ Oh ! that,” seemed the man to say, “ was the Tsar's model ;” and he turned our attention to a piece of machinery in which rested the great Peter's last undertaking, still standing in the half-finished state he left it in. There was the original sculptured or embossed plate in metal on one side, with the end of a lever guide

resting upon it; and on the other side was a block of wood, on whose surface an imitation of the figures on the other plate had been partially cut, by a drill which acted against it, and was connected by the intervention of many-teethed wheels, with the lever guide.

In short, this was a wood-carving machine, driven in its day by the Tsar himself; and when we expressed an interest in it, the attendant pointed out to us many more with slight variations, showing that Peter must have gone largely into the mechanical multiplication of works of art; and while he thereby, with hands and feet driving the whizzing wheels and making the chips fly in showers, probably relieved his mental cares of state far more effectually than by inventing original compositions and drapery arrangements for the old, old groups of painter and sculptor,—he must, we suspect, have forestalled in time a large part of the “Wood-carving-by-machinery Company’s works,” which made so great a *furor* in our Crystal Palace of 1851.

#### THE WINTER PALACE AS TO ITS EXTERIOR.

So much for the galleries of the Hermitage, chiefly the second Catherine’s lordly work; and which, being connected by covered passages with the Winter Palace, serves as library, drawing-room, and picture-gallery thereto. Having seen these

then, what need to go and gape at the residual furnishings in the latter ; or mere upholstery? The said Winter Palace, moreover, is not a very engaging building externally, being of plaster painted in a yellow clay-colour, " charming terra-cotta " says an admiring authoress ; and as it is not *the* Winter Palace which saw all the varied plottings and catastrophes, triumphs and misfortunes of the second and third Peters, of the original Peter's graceful daughter, the Empress Elizabeth,\* the successful career of Voltaire's ' Étoile du Nord,' and the fitful feverish passage of Paul, or the mild radiance of his eldest son ; as it saw none of these things, being a new erection built up hastily in 1838, on the site of its renowned predecessor, just before destroyed by fire, it has little more than its architectural merits to stand upon. Now what are these ?

When the sun comes out and strikes obliquely on any of the palace's fronts, (it is in the general form of a hollow square, three grand and two or three smaller stories in height), there is a rich effect of surface light and shadow ; for it is no doubt a palatial building of Louis-Quatorze style, as redundant with columns, pilasters, porticoes, basso-relievos, cornices, arched and decorated windows, and statues of half-draped ladies in the breezy neighbourhood of the chimney-pots, and with no flat wall, as any French-

\* L'Univers, vol. i. ; Russia, p. 265.

man of that overdone period could have desired ; and as the palace shows on its three principal faces, all quite open to view, a collective length of more than twenty thousand feet of these continued plaster enrichments, there is quite enough in the way of size even for an Emperor's palace. Nevertheless, the air of a work of art, certainly of high, and thought-inspired and inspiring, art has not been attained in the smallest degree ; it is merely an affair of mechanics and manufacturing, with all the system of copying and multiplications by inferior hands ; and its chief praise is, that it was run up in the short space of eleven months, and by one of Nicholas's aides-de-camp, Klein Michael, turned architect for such an occasion. The full preparation of the building occupied to beyond the year, but the Emperor is said to have been enabled to accomplish his vow of sleeping again in his Winter Palace within twelve months of its conflagration. So energetic can be your Russian builders.

The views *from* the Palace are effective. To its south front, along which we travelled in our return from the Hermitage, the Winter Palace looks over the eastern end of the great Admiralty Square, in whose centre is the huge Alexander column,—a hundred and fifty feet high in all, its pedestal, a granite block twenty-four feet high, and nearly as many broad ; and its shaft, another single block of

eighty feet, originally one hundred and two feet, in length. The angel on its summit rears an enormous cross, clearly visible as such to a distance of many miles, therewith recalling to the local mind the supposed holy and Christian mission of military Russia in her many wars ;—while beyond this, the view is terminated by a semicircular arrangement of gigantic white government offices, having in the middle a triumphal arch of seventy feet span, as entrance to a street, and surmounted by a full-horsed quadriga and its proper complément both of classical trumpet-blowers and naked runners on either side.

The Palace's western front, which seems the principal one architecturally, and has additional effect from a retired central portion of the *façade*, is marked, first, by a curious little erection in bright painted sheet-iron, and in shape between a cricket-tent and a Chinese tower ; it is the coachman's fire-place, in anticipation for those awful frost-bitten nights of Russian mid-winter, when human nature can no longer contend with the other elements, unassisted by flame. At a greater distance beyond, are the gardens, and then the gigantic building of the Old Admiralty, rearing its slender gilded spire to the skies. By a raking view to the left, the domes of St. Izak, and some of the buildings at the western end of the great square, may be commanded ; while by looking similarly to the right, something of the Neva and its shipping may be seen.

Turning next to the north front of the Palace,—and let us notice here, that, despots though the Russian sovereigns are said to be, they fence in themselves not in St. Petersburg, any more than in Moskva, from their people by wall, railing, or any sort of physical protection ; but on the contrary allow a public line of roadway to pass quite close to the north-west corner of their Palace, and on every side foot-passengers may walk along almost in contact with the lower windows,—on this north front then, the ground space is contracted merely to a roadway between the palace and the quay ; but there, begins the grandest view of the whole, stretching across an immense bifurcation of the noble river ; the nearer arm spanned by a picturesque bridge of boats, sixty feet broad and more than one thousand long ; and the further one wandering away illimitably past the Bourse and the galliot-crowded neighbourhood of the Customs. Then immediately opposite the Palace, over the broad, and clear as a fountain, stream, on whose ever-gliding waters, giving 116,000 cubic feet per second to wash the great city clean, rafts of timber from Ladoga, and fleets of barges laden with grain from distant banks of the Volga, are continually passing ; while some few vessels better built, and occasionally a full-masted brig, are sailing upwards nearly empty, with the assistance of large sails, and a swift west wind ; and river-steamers full



of excursionists are ploughing past, and some fairy little wasps of screw steamers, hardly larger than men-of-war galleys, are whisking about from point to point, and seem to be connected with the Imperial naval service ; while the gay decorations of gondola-boats bringing passengers continually to the Palace and Admiralty stairs, where stand the two stone lions, and two colossal vases, of almost marble-like grey granite ; a substance looking so precious-stone-like, that it was put down at once as Siberian by a brace of wondering travellers, but is from Finland after all ; and forget we not the poor man gliding out of the Venetian canal, from under the vaulted connection between the Hermitage and Theatre, in a large flat boat with all his household goods which he is moving from his old to his new house in another part of the town,—over all this varied commercial and social floating scene then, and the eternal river flowing on, flowing on, the view from the Winter Palace's northern front falls full against the fortress of St. Petersburg, occupying an island on the further side of the river, and flanked on either hand, in the distance, by the flat horizon of the garden islands.

A modern fortress is not in general a very picturesque object ; yet it has, or may have, some points ; and its angular ramparts, like the natural cleavage of mountain rock-strata on the edge of a table-land,—

witness the bastion Maskamma mountain in the line of the Onder Bokkeveld "wall" at the Cape of Good Hope—often show with effect and variety of light and shade under the many changes of solar illumination. Then again, whereas there is, and of course all the world has heard of it, a certain little overhanging watch-tower at a corner of Edinburgh Castle, that has been praised by an old English writer as the most truly picturesque object in all that city's bounds,—we should mention that there are several such watch-towers at different salient corners of the upper and lower ramparts of the much more extensive exterior of St. Petersburg citadel; and they are commandable as to visibility, in more or less degree, from not a few of the Palace windows.

But there is more in it than this; for above the battlemented bastions of solid granite, there arise the summits of many buildings contained within the fortress, interesting either for their reminiscences, or their styles; such as the encasing of Peter the Great's wooden cottage, and the many prominences of the Imperial mint, where the treasures of Siberia are prepared for the commerce of the world; but more especially the roof and towers of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The eastern tower of this edifice is small and bulbous, a gilt dome in fact; but the western is one of the wonders of the world for height combined

with slenderness. Based on the idea of the Admiralty spire, it carries that type vastly further, and one is inclined to vote it the most characteristic example of the higher architecture of St. Petersburg; not inapt, in its thin mast-like figure, to that modern site, where the great Tsar collected the shipcarpenters of all nations, rejoiced in nothing so much as the erection of a ship's tall mast, and in half a lifetime converted an inland people into the dominant maritime nation of his part of the world. The merit of shaping the precise proportions of square white tower below, and upper tapering spire above, is due we believe to an Italian architect; whose, probably, is the elegant angel-wing wind-vane, below the permanent cross that surmounts the whole. But the final touch to the captivating effect of the whole fabric, is dependent on a feature we were doubtful of at first, viz. the new covering of electro-gilded plating, prepared by a Russian galvanic-battery company, and recently applied to the conical spire, with such perfection of mechanical fitting, that the whole length of a hundred and fifty feet, might seem to be beaten by copper or goldsmith's art, out of a single sheet of brilliantly polished gold. The effect varies immensely under different circumstances of light, for with a high illumination the spire is pale and a brilliant reflection, small and round, is thrown from the dome only; but just come

within view of the fortress when the sun is low and behind you, and how you will be startled at the electric pillar of glory which the angel-surmounted sublime rod of gold, three hundred and ninety-three feet high from its base, then forms in the sky ; and before which even the much vaunted Admiralty spire, with all its antique plates of “ fine ducat ” metal, is compelled to “ pale its ineffectual fire,” in acknowledgment of the more vigorous splendour of modern electro-gilding !

To the Tsars however there is more, much more than this, in the sight which they have daily before them on the northern side of their palace ; especially when by night the golden tower rears itself like a pale, tall spectre in the sky ; and marks the position of the humble plot where their stately predecessors lie below, and where they too must also come in their appointed course, and lay them down in the cold and narrow grave.

We made a pilgrimage once to this place of Imperial sepulture ; walking thereto over the Troitskoi bridge, and entering the fortress by its eastern gate. The north door of the church or cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, as it is sometimes called, was open ; and visitors evidently allowed, by the facility with which a young soldier, cap in hand, detached himself from the corporal’s guard at the entrance and attended as a guide. But though good-looking

and well meaning, he was rather an addle-headed youth, and went wool-gathering altogether on being questioned merely about some of the last generation of the Imperial family ; and the only thing he was perfectly positive about, was, that Peter the Great in his sarcophagus on the floor, was the same identical personage as St. Peter, in a full-length picture of that zealous apostle, on the wall. So giving up all hope of profiting by the young guardsman's explanations, and not caring for the gorgeous golden doors of the ikonostas, or the numerous military trophies, tattered flags, and rusty keys of many a city and fortress at the western end of the church,—we took to our own wanderings and musings, among the melancholy rows of dark-clothed and silver-labelled sarcophagi of Tsars, Tsarinas, Grand-Dukes, and Grand-Duchesses, from Peter the Great down to the late Emperor Nicholas ; and now, as we write, his Empress also ; placed on the floor of the church, though the bodies themselves are said to be deposited in vaults underneath.

#### INTERIOR OF THE WINTER PALACE.

It was on another day that we returned to the Winter Palace, and its less impressive scenes. Entering then by a small door from the Neva side, we ascended by a splendacious staircase, and entered lofty rooms of a whity style of decoration ; and furnished in the corners with towering plate-racks,

holding a number of gold and silver dishes that proved on inquiry to have been the salvers on which nobles and merchants of St. Petersburg had loyally offered the accustomed bread and salt to their sovereign, on various public occasions. Then there was a ball-room, very long and white and with infinite rows of wax candles along window-tops, door-tops, and running cornices; over and above large chandeliers all ready charged, though the Imperial family were absent and alterations going on, even to the extent of turning up all the earth in a favourite glass-covered garden attached to this apartment.

A couple of half-servant, half-adulterating-grocer's wife sort of women had entered with us to see the Palace fixings, and were indissolubly made of our party by one and the same imperial footman being told off to attend them and ourselves; and we had to wait for their shouts and screams of delight while a workman turned on the water to a little fountain in the said artificial garden, and a light two-inch ball of brass was raised on the jet, and kept tossing about for some minutes in the air.

Then we passed through more pale-faced rooms, with floors of inlaid wood; then threaded long passages, and beyond them entered other suites of apartments with more signs of habitability. The scagliola of the walls and columns, was of virgin purity of whiteness, owing to its preparation from a pecu-

liarly fine alabaster found near Kazan ; and gilded enrichments were frequent ; but none of the effects fully satisfied us, until we entered a room with white marble walls, and decorations of malachite and gold. This was said to be the Empress's drawing-room, and abounded with crimson silk sofas, candelabra of lapis-lazuli, vases of rose-coloured jasper from Siberia, and side tables of agate or similar precious material. A neighbouring room contained, besides rich furnishings, several portraits of members of the Imperial family, and exhibited them, especially the ladies, as everything one could fancy of high descent, noble feeling, and cultivated understanding ; and another room was the entrance into a richly decorated chapel.

Then, we believe, after treading more floors of oak, with inlaid flowers in rose-wood and ebony, came St. George's Hall, and the Gallery of the Generals ; this being just a little in the style of the Kings at Holyrood, but by a better painter than the Dutchman there employed, better paid, and having to deal with either actually existing, or very lately existing men, instead of revelling altogether among contemporaries of Methusaleh. In fact, taking full account of the artistic and mechanical difficulties of his work, his English country may well be proud of Mr. Dawe, and Russia not ungrateful. His style is very effective for the main elements of character,

and full of rich colour, with powerful light and shade in every one of the innumerable portrait heads that cover the great wall as with the closely packed squares of a chess-board.

The history of Dawe's engagement may be seen in Dr. Granville's 'St. Petersburg,' vol. i. p. 535 (1827); and from his description of the contents of the old Winter Palace, a large portion of the more valuable decorations must have been saved, to appear again in the new; indeed we began at last to suspect that the reputed great fire of 1837, quite an epoch in the city's annals, must have been a very small and partial affair; but on turning to his excellent map of St. Petersburg (the established British guide-book has only an apology for a map, at which Russians point their jokes,) his ground-plan of the old palace is essentially different from that of the new, on each of the three fronts.

A moderate-sized room adjoining these galleries illustrated the Emperor Nicholas; his person, in a full-length portrait, tall and firmly made; his countenance large below, strong-jawed, and stern; while his forte, or his taste, was exhibited in several coloured models of soldiers of different regiments, dressed up to a minutiae of exactness that no martinet could find fault with.

Beyond this was a long series of fine rooms, uniformly devoted to the one grand object of expounding



the wars of Russia, by means of great battle-pieces painted in oil. It was weary and well-nigh sickening work to run the gauntlet of all these innumerable slaughterings of unnumbered men ; yet it began in time to produce something of its intended effect ; for gradually we acquired larger views of Russia's struggles to obtain both her present place in history, her now acknowledged footing amongst civilized nations, and to bring about the same overwhelming preponderance of Christianity in the east, that has long prevailed in the west, of Europe. The devotion of her sons to advancing her cause was everywhere conspicuous ; they died in pious ardour ; as well the untutored, long-coated soldier of the ranks, as the costly dressed officer of the middle of the last century ; welling out his life-blood as he lay prostrate in his powdered peruque and evening costume on the winter snows of Bessarabia, but with his last breath signing onwards to his brothers in arms.

We had ceased for some time to inquire what battle each picture represented ; content merely to know that it was one of Russia's battles ; and with that, endeavouring to form some idea of the physiognomy and characters of those engaged in it. We had spent indeed so long a time in this employment, that the two grocer's-wife creatures attached themselves to another party who were doing the rooms with a more commendable speed, and left us in peace and

quiet. Then it was that we discovered in one of the pictures a single man, who, through the whole previous series, certainly had *nae peer*; we looked and looked again, and the more extraordinary existence he appeared to us; the very incarnation he was of mental ability. His body was small and thin, but wiry and active; and his nervous face and untired eyes showed an ability to turn to the utmost practical account the mental promptings of his remarkably shaped and tensely filled head, in which nature seemed to have delighted to extend to the utmost conceivable limit, all the forward and upper organs of the brain.

This must have been a man, who could not fail, could not help, could not prevent himself from being great, we inwardly assumed; and on going forward to the next picture, there again was that poor little thin frame, and majestic head, leading a whole army; we went on to a third picture, and there he was again, in an old whity-brown coat, but a dome of brain that thought for every one, and eyes that looked his staff-officers through and through, until they quailed before him.

We could resist no longer. Where was our attendant? Oh! he had gone on into the next room, and was tattooing on the floor with his feet, to give us a gentle hint that we were exceeding the usual time of a palace visit. But it would not do: we

dragged him back, and pointed out this eminently mental being, first in one picture, then in another ; and inquired by signs, and in all the languages we could command, who it was ?

“ Suvorov,” answered the Russian in a deep voice and with evident feeling.

“ Suvorov,” we exclaimed ; “ and is this the real bodily presentment of that eminent General, whom vulgar prejudice delineates in the West, as a mere barbarian giant, colossal as Russia herself, conquering by brute force alone, and slaughtering without pity ?”

But after seeing him in many more battle-pieces, as well as in his full-length portrait, we remembered that some historians have written things of him, which do attest and exemplify his cerebral organization. By birth a Finlander, but with his father naturalized a Russian, he entered the army as a private, at the early age of thirteen, and after twelve years of such servitude, at length received a junior lieutenant’s commission ; here hard work awaited him ; but he ever cut out harder work still, always volunteering for the field, when routine of duty placed him in a fortress ; until, by 1768, or after fourteen more years, he had so far proved his capacities, as to have a partial command conferred on him in the Russian army in Poland ; and then, he electrified every one by the rapidity with which he

dispersed two Polish armies and took Cracow by storm. In 1773 and 1774, removed to new scenes, he gained in his department of the army four successive victories over the Turks, which finished that war; and this, combined with his successful extinction soon after of Pugachef's rebellion, and his subjection of the Cuban and Budziar Tahtars, raised him in 1787, on the eve of another Turkish war, to the commander-in-chiefship. Then it was that he came out in his full originality and power; while the glorious fields of Kinburn, Fokshany, and Rymnik, and the storming of Ismail, before then considered impregnable, and in 1794 his second Polish victories and the taking of Praga, attested to the excellence of his methods in their invariable and rapid success.

But in 1795, the "mad Emperor" came to the throne, and he must needs deprive Suvorov of his command, and send him first to Moskva and then to a distant country village, to live unknown and poor, or in disgrace so called. Did that break his spirit? Not a bit of it. Loyal and true still as ever he had been before, he yet preserved all his independence. Never having during prosperity indulged in luxury or wealth (the booty of Ismail he had not touched), he could always, with ease to himself, disarm the severities extended to him in adversity, by proposing something severer. Were four hours

awarded him to prepare for expatriation, "that was too kind," was his immediate reply, "one hour was enough for Suvorov;" and when,—after several years of this uncalled-for exile, he was demanded by the general voice of Europe to lead the Russian army against the French, then dominant throughout all North Italy,—there came a grand official letter, addressed, without explanation or apology, to "Field-Marshal Suvorov," he, instead of jumping eagerly at this prospect of return to favour, sternly sent back the letter unopened; saying, that it could not be for him, for were he still a Field-Marshal he would be at the head of his troops, and not living a mouzhik life in a distant village.

Being informed, however, subsequently, that his Emperor did to some extent see the error of his past ways, and was in positive need of his ablest General's assistance, then "Suvorov" went forward, forgot all the injustice he had suffered, and hastened on with his troops to meet those "God-forgetting, windy, light-headed Frenchmen," whom he had so long desired to chastise. In the classic fields of Northern Italy they met, and history has recorded how rapidly Suvorov beat, one after another, all the ablest of the French Republican generals; passed on with apparent ease from one victory to another, through a whole campaign; until at last, in the second year, when ordered by the political powers

above him, to undertake a critical movement amongst the High Alps, in distant combination with the Austrians and another Russian army under a Prince as conceited as ignorant,—he (Suvorov) heard, just as he was in the middle of the successful performance of his own part of the scheme, that the Austrians were nowhere, the other Russian army was completely destroyed, and all the French generals were left thereby free to attack him alone, and had already surrounded him with overwhelming numbers in his mountain valley.

Then broke forth such despair as only an able general, conscientiously careful of the lives of his soldiers, can know ; then, after a whole life of moral restraint, he shrieked forth in unassuageable grief, and called on his grenadiers to bury him alive, or terminate his existence at once with their bayonets.

But when at length he found his devoted soldiers far more concerned at his distress than their own danger, he calmed down, and in a few minutes passing everything in review before his more than eagle-quick mind's eye, he decided on, and began to execute without delay, one of the most astonishing retreats ever performed in military annals. Leaving one or two, of a number of eagerly volunteering regiments, to defend for a time the entrance to the valley, he led the rest of his troops over a snowy pass, by mere goat-paths, known only to chamois-hunters ;

and after incredible feats of climbing along dizzy heights, and dreadful exposures to the storms of those devoted regions, succeeded in leading them safe into a friendly region, out of the toils which the French generals and the failures of his colleagues had so securely been spreading around him.

No one respected him more than did his chief warlike opponents. To their amazement they saw an army of Russian men, accustomed all their lives to the flattest and most extensive of plain countries, suddenly, under his remarkable guidance, become the most hardy and expert of Alpine mountaineers; the people they had hitherto considered sluggish, and gifted only with the passive qualities of valour, they now found, to their confusion on many a battle-field, to equal, if not excel, themselves in rapidity of movement and energy of action. And, happily for French conquests, they never found it again, after old Suvorov was withdrawn from the army.

That remarkable being had indeed succeeded in impressing his own character to a wonderful degree on all his soldiers. The officers he perhaps comparatively neglected; they were merely media between him, the General, on one hand, and the privates on the other, in operations where the former had to think and the latter to execute. Our own great Duke is said to have laid down as one of his final conclusions in war, that before a battle begins, the

utmost degree of science should be employed by the commander ; but that when once the battle has begun, there is nothing for it except hard fighting on the part of the soldiers. And on evidently similar principles Suvorov had previously taught, that there are three talents in war,—1st, the *coup-d'œil* ; 2nd, rapidity of movement ; 3rd, energy in combat.

In the first section, that being his own affair, he is very short in his “ Discourse under the Trigger,” or “ Catechism to his Soldiers ;” but he enumerates “ how to place a camp—how to march—when to attack—to chase—and to beat the enemy.” How these things were accomplished, was amongst the secrets of that wonderful dome of his brain, in which every detail was calculated precisely beforehand ; yet, at the same time, he possessed the general’s instantaneous eye so perfectly, that he would in a moment recast his whole arrangements, on perceiving at the instant of joining battle, any alteration in the enemy’s proceedings. This double power armed him so completely, that he felt therefrom a confidence that illustrates itself in the above extract, when he makes attacking the enemy synonymous with beating him ; and well was he justified in that confidence, when he never lost a single battle while he gained so many.

Those gained against the French generals Suchet, Macdonald, Moreau, and others, with their new



Napoleonic tactics, are the most remarkable strategically, as they were doubtless the most difficult ; yet was he never more absolutely easy as to the result of every encounter, than when on the Conqueror of Italy's own battle-fields. Thus, being met at Novi by Marshal Joubert, with thirty thousand Frenchmen, all of them burning to recover their lost advantages, Suvorov only said gaily to his men, alluding to Joubert's rapid rise in his profession, "Ah ! he is a lad ; come then, let us give him a lesson." And the lesson they went forward and gave, proved to be too much, not only for the lad, but for the maturer commander Moreau, who had joined in the course of the night.

On the second score of rapidity of movement, Suvorov well exhibited his entire freedom from martinetism ; for while his men were on a march, they might do what they liked, or rather, do it as they liked, and indulge in whatever they found to have a useful effect in helping them on. "Never slacken your pace," said he ; "walk on ! play ! sing your songs ! beat the drum !" And astonishing marches were accordingly performed, as well for distance as for speed ; and not only that, but for bringing up the men at the end of the march ready for instant service, and fully prepared to fall on the enemy at once, "like snow on the beard," before he expected an attack, or knew what to do. Herein

came into operation Suvorov's intimate knowledge and full appreciation (more humane than is generally allowed to him) of what the bodily powers of a soldier are capable of. Hence, he never called on them for more than they could really accomplish, and on all extraordinary occasions he aided them by arranging the best methods of procedure ; thus in the marching, there was with him a perfect system always carried out of work and rest, leading and following ; at intervals shorter and shorter as the march approached its termination, either for the field of battle or the bivouac ; and at the latter, he always contrived so as to get the " children's " camp-kettles already filled and boiling by the time that they came up.

This one point, however, of preserving and invigorating the strength of healthy men by rightly-timed supplies of food, was not unknown, according to Homer, so far back as the epoch of Agamemnon Atrides ; but Suvorov added thereto an equal care for the sick ; teaching his men how to cure simple diseases, and keep their bodies healthy ; and after an original plan of his own, which had in view the rendering a Russian soldier a self-reliant, self-supporting being ; always in order for work, and accompanied with the least possible amount of camp machinery and baggage train.

" Have a dread of the hospital ! " therefore he

began to them. "German physic stinks from afar, is good for nothing, and rather hurtful. A Russian soldier is not used to it. Messmates, know where to find roots, herbs, and ants'-nests. A soldier is inestimable. Take care of your health ! Scour the stomach when it is foul ! Hunger is the best medicine. If loose bowels want food, at sunset a little gruel and bread. For costive bowels, some purging plant in warm water, or the liquorice-root. In hot fevers, eat nothing, even for twelve days ; and drink your soldier's *kvas*,—that's a soldier's physic ;" and we may add, even less intoxicating than the ginger-beer of our teetotallers.

But all these instructions, though good in themselves, and remarkable from being the same means by which the General preserved his own weak body in excellent health up to seventy years of age, are, in Suvorov's philosophy, only means to an end, means to the third and last of his list of military talents, "energy."

The moment any body of his soldiers arrived in sight of the enemy, they were to attack, without considering disparity of numbers ; that was his affair, and he would always have arranged for another and another reinforcing corps to arrive on the ground, within very short intervals after the first. When he had specially ordered them to fire, they were to fire, and also to take good care that the

ball was in their gun, and to shoot with judgment and precision ; but he did not often order them to fire ; “ the ball,” said he, “ may lose his way ; the bayonet never ! The ball is a fool ; the bayonet a hero.” “ So push hard with the bayonet,” was his maxim. “ If three attack you ; stab the first, fire on the second, and bayonet the third. A hero will stab half-a-dozen.” And thus it was that he taught the Russian soldiers to gain many a battle almost solely with the bayonet. Under him it must have been a rapid glancing weapon, as we may deduce from the whole style of the precepts in his “ Catechism.” “ The ditch is not deep—the rampart is not high. Down in the ditch ! jump over the wall ! Work with your bayonet ! stab ! drive !” And again, “ If you see the match upon a gun, run up to it instantly ; the ball will fly over your head ; the guns are yours ; the people are yours. Down with ’em on the spot ! pursue ’em ! stab ’em !”

All this though is for *energy*, not for cruelty, as so often causelessly brought up ; for after the enemy has ceased to fight, then, adds Suworov with solemnity, “ to the remainder give quarter ; it’s a sin to kill without reason ; they are men like you.” And again, of the non-combatants, “ Offend not the peaceable inhabitant ; he gives us meat and drink. The soldier is not a robber. Booty is a holy thing ; without order never go to booty.”

The tone of these remarks, too, will be appreciated all the more, when it is remembered, that above and before all terrestrial things Suvorov laboured to impress on his soldiers' minds, his own exceeding degree of observance of religious ordinances. We, with our more evangelical feelings and beliefs, may object to some of them : as to his crossing himself whenever he gave a military order ; but then it was suitably with the notions of his own and his soldiers' forms of Christianity ; and while we read in the pages of an English clergyman,\* very discreditable things of what, according to him, Suvorov promised his soldiers after death, we find in Suvorov's own catechism, no worse than this : " Die for the honour of the Virgin ; for your Empress ; for all the Imperial family. The Church prays for those who die, and those who survive have honour and reward." †

The greatest of all British Admirals, we have heard it said, by one who saw much of him in private, was for ever talking so continually, both in season and out of season, about the particular phases which patriotism and ambition wore to him, that,

\* " He shamefully revived, to stimulate their courage, a gross piece of fanaticism, formerly prevalent among the Russian peasantry, ' that every one who died in fight for his religion, would find himself alive again in three days, snugly ensconced at home, and for ever free from the obligation of military service.' Thus excited, the army followed him," etc.—*The Rev. T. Milner's 'Russia,'* 1856.

† Dr. Clarke's Travels. Compare Farie's Haxthausen, vol. ii. p. 342.

but for his eminent successes, mischievous folks would have been inclined to say of him, as he passed by in the street, "There goes old *Westminster Abbey* or a *Peerage*!" So also with Suvorov: had he not been, through a long life, invariably and brilliantly victorious over every enemy he fought against, there would have been a tremendous amount of small-talk against his peculiar ways of making himself remarkable in the eyes of his soldiers; doing things which in any one else would have been absurd and even silly, but in his hands of genius, they were turned into those implements of magic power, whereby he entered deep into the heart of hearts of every Russian soldier, and drew forth all that love and ardour of devotion, and store of undeveloped faculties, which no one before or since him has equally succeeded in doing.

His bits of criticism and advice to old grenadiers, on the best employment of their arms, as he walked between their ranks, were even more pithy and full of the wisdom of long experience, than those celebrated *mots* of Napoleon, Emperor, under the same circumstances; and the French themselves have neatly described Suvorov, as a general who could be more laconic by one-third than Cæsar. But how different was he from either the Roman or Corsican genius, in that feature which all Russia has prized as the palladium of their race, ever since the great battle

on the Don, in 1380, viz. loyalty ; loyalty to the Mir, that peculiar Russian word which has to Russians so clear, definite, and convincing a meaning, and which we have already endeavoured to translate by "Majority of the Community," and of which majority the Tsar is the chosen head !

As with everything good in nature, this feeling for loyalty may be abused, as well with those who show, as those who use it ; and on the boundaries of the great wholesome mass, all sorts of extravagance in excess or defect may be found. So there can be no doubt that it leads Russians, often to put up with a great deal more in the way of indignant personal treatment from official dogs in office, than other free men would generally like ; and it leads them often to punish the disloyal with too great severity. In fact, disloyalty is a sin which neither Russian ruler nor Russian people can tolerate ; and hence it comes, that in these battle-piece pictures of the Winter Palace, although the enemies of Russia are done excellent justice to, for handsome visages and noble bearing ; yet, when it comes to a picture of the insurrection of Poland in 1832, and the fighting against soldiers who have broken their oaths of allegiance, oh ! then nothing is too bad to show the national horror of the deadly sin. The Russian troops are accordingly represented as bayonetting the ugly rebels, made ugly to a nation of short-

nosed men, by having all of them long and fat noses ; and there the Russians are prodding them all over the picture, and with such intense satisfaction in the act, as well as the most utter contempt for the subjects of it ; while with every prod the Poles are yelling in pain, and throwing up their arms with shrieks of cowardly fright, and looking like men without energy to stand up in this world, and without hope for salvation in the next.

Now, in Suvorov loyalty was extreme, and yet unexceptionable. His whole existence was for the State ; he thought not of himself except to carry out the purposes of the country ; and while he could always forgive the fallen, he was never cringing or undignified to those above him. This position, as already explained, he was able in a great measure to keep up by means of the simplicity of his life, and his moderation when in power ; which made it easier for him, if necessary, to go into exile, with his opinions intact, and with unbroken pride ; than to retain wealth, position, and courtly honours at the sacrifice of a single liberal thought. Hence resulted a character in which, at the last, every private soldier, as well as each sage Imperial ruler, had full confidence for anything and everything, even in death, as in life. At his funeral, when the decorated bier had reached the doors of St. Alexander Nevski, there was then unexpectedly found, to the utter con-



fusion of the magnates presiding, insufficient width for its entrance. What could be done in the emergency. "Brothers," exclaimed an old private to his fellow-soldiers bearing the hero's mortal remains, "Suvorov, when in life, passed everywhere ; forward then." And forward they did go, with irresistible force, until by some means or other they had placed their precious charge in an equally honourable position with the shrine of that other great national hero of the Russians, the early mediæval conqueror of their bitter and traitorous enemies, Swedes, Poles, and Teutonic knights of the sword.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE FOUNDING OF PULKOVA.

September.

OVER the “plain of Izak,” past the gilded statue of “Nicholas the Great,” as the young cadets love to call him, through the broad French-looking streets, past the shops with their painted wares outside, over canals and bridges, through markets teeming with apples and cranberries, with raspberries, water-melons, pumpkins, and well-booted men in tunicked red shirts, amongst magnificent horses with flowing manes and tails that would have delighted Rubens, though what he would have made out of the great arches, — *dougas*,\* — over their necks, we do not know, past carts with long-naved wheels, and houses where every window was filled with sub-tropical greenery, through long streets of such, and at last roads bordered by acres of piled faggots, or wooden walls of Cyclopean panel-work, along these to the

\* See Plate 3, Vol. II.

great triumphal arch, commemorating victories over Turks, Persians, and Poles, and underneath that along the triple road to the open flat country beyond, past groves of the red-trunked pine, and silver stems of the lady-birch,—we drove, on September 13th, to visit once again our kind friends at the Central Observatory of Pulkova.

The scene was now somewhat changed. Without, was the cold already arrived of a northern autumn, but within was the warm welcome of the venerable William von Struve, the patriarch and the astronomer. Formally yet with fervour, at his hospitable board that evening, did he propose the health of his old friend my respected Father, and show all honour to the British lady my excellent wife and present companion. His last winter had been spent in company with Madame and Mademoiselle von Struve, on the slopes of Mount Atlas; and now restored by the genial winter warmth of a North-African station, the old-man-learned prepared to enter again upon the duties of his official life, and maintain under the rigour of Russian frosts, the efficiency and full activity of a great astronomical establishment.

Professor of philology in his early years, and subsequently filling the chair of mathematics and astronomy in the University of Dorpat, before becoming the chief geodesist and astronomer of the Russian Empire, William von Struve is much more than

merely the skilful director of a modern observatory ; and his experiences in life have been as vast and various as are the many languages in which with the most perfect ease to himself he can write his account of them, in Latin, Russian, German, and French eloquently and grammatically to a philological degree ; and nearly as well in Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Finnish, and Esthonian. His views therefore were broad and grand, combining the copiousness and variety of a Humboldt, with the strictness and mathematical power of a Bessel ; and to all this was added the interest with which one listened to the teachings of a man whose practical success has been as remarkable as his philosophic depth or theoretical acumen ; and who has been distinguished alike as a working scientific man, and an administrator in extensive affairs of state.

The Central Observatory of Pulkova, in which he was now speaking, is eminently his creation. Not but what it must also be considered as the realizing, and much more, of a fond idea which the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg had cherished for generations,—viz. of removing their old astronomical observatory from its lofty tower on the upper story of their palace on the banks of the Neva, and in the midst of the chimneys of the metropolis, and rebuilding it at a distance from the city,—but then the Academy did not advance with their scheme.

That scheme was approved of generally, and all the Academicians were able men; but somehow *the* man for the special work was wanting. They were often very near finding him; as how should they not be, when they searched for him during seventy years, and in a society bearing upon the rolls of its members such distinguished names as Joseph Nicolas de l'Isle, Leonard Euler, Lexell, and Schubert, besides having many active observers and able computers.

The Academy's learned and experienced astronomer Grischov, who was appointed soon after 1748, seems to have been the first who conceived the idea of removing the observatory from its trembling height to a place more capable of affording firm foundation; he had received new instruments of very accurate construction, by the celebrated English optician Bird, but hesitated to incapacitate their powers by erecting them in an unsuitable site; and he died in 1760, before achieving much more than preparing on paper his *beau idéal* of a new observatory.

To him succeeded Roumovsky, who attempted bravely for a time by assiduity and the devotion of all his powers, to make up for the natural defects of that unfortunate tower-placed observatory. He lived accordingly in a little room of the Academy-building, so as to be always near his work; and was present there through all seasons. But the end of it was, that he gradually became converted to the faith of

his predecessor ; and when grown to be, by over-continued exertion, an old man before his time, he also began to complain of the needless labour that was given to him to climb up both by day and by night, the steep winding staircase to his too elevated observing-room.

For thirty years did Roumovsky, and for almost as many did the second astronomer of the Academy, Inokhodtsov, recommend old Grischoy's idea of the removal of the observatory to some position where they should be on the ground floor and under the same roof with their instruments, but without much prospect of success until an unexpected opportunity suddenly dawned upon them, in the year 1796. It then chanced, that George III. of Great Britain, was pleased to send as a present to the Empress Catherine of Russia, a ten-foot reflecting telescope constructed by Sir William Herschel. Her Majesty immediately desired to try its powers, and Roumovsky was sent for from the Academy to repair to Tsarskoe-Selo where the court was at the time residing. The telescope was accordingly unpacked, and for eight long consecutive evenings the Empress employed herself ardently in observing the moon, planets, and stars ; and more than this, in inquiring into the state of astronomy and astronomers in her dominions. Then it was that Roumovsky set before the Imperial view the Academy's idea of removing their observatory,

detailing the necessity for, and the advantages of such a proceeding. Graciously did the "Semiramis of the North," the "Polar Star," enter into all these particulars, and warmly approve of the project; but death closed her career within a few weeks after, and prevented her execution of the design.

How then fell the hopes of those two unfortunate astronomers down to zero, and never recovered! The other Academicians tried to encourage them, and those worthy members, MM. Schubert and N. Fuss, even tried to get up some demonstrative movements towards the desired end; but what availed mere sentiments, towards alleviating to two men now well stricken in years, that daily and nightly climb up that long, long series of stairs? That labour, become to them by repetition more than Herculean, was no advantage to astronomy, and was positively killing them. In their youth they had been most active amongst men, and rejoiced to show their zeal and physical powers of daring and enduring, by the speed, lightness, and frequency of their ascents to that dreadfully elevated temple of Urania. A few hundred ascents and descents, oh! that they would do as soon as look at it; a few thousand, and they were still not tired; but after twenty thousand or so, then they found that they had nearly consumed the whole stock of corporeal energy which nature had given them for the economical service of a whole

lifetime, in merely endeavouring to overcome the architectural defects of an ill-designed observatory. How they prayed that the proud architect who had built this astronomical observatory to suit an artistic whim of his own, and in contempt of all astronomical requirements and conveniences,—how they prayed that he should never fall under the condemnation of having to ascend his own building more than twenty thousand times ! for after such a number they made sure that he would begin to feel with every step a too painful *memento mori* ; the manly frame that had once been so elastic, it seemed impossible how it should ever die ; now it would seem to its poor spiritual tenant, only wonderful how it could continue to live on.

Still these two old astronomers were enthusiastic for science, and capable of distinguishing themselves in its promotion amongst other men ; but why were they to be condemned to that eternal and laborious tramp, tramp, up the winding stair to a garret literally next to the sky ; a sort of treadmill prefix to every observation they had to make, and an infliction in its way that no other man in St. Petersburg, rich or poor, had to submit to ?

So neither could they any longer, and Inokhodtsov at last built for himself a little private observatory near the botanical garden of the Academy, on the Fontanka canal, and observed there up to the



transit of Mercury across the sun's disk in 1802 ; while Roumovsky, appointed Vice-President of the Academy in 1800, and afterwards Curator of the University of Kazan, continued his usefulness to his generation, but not in the Academy's tall tower, up to 1816. The places of these *savants* in the observatory were supplied by MM. Schubert, and Visnievsky ; Schubert of brilliant powers in physical astronomy, and Visnievsky unequalled for sharpness of eyesight in difficult telescopic observation ; but the chief part of their work too was not performed in the untoward observatory of the Academy.

Over and over again therefore did that learned society discuss the removal and transplantation of their impossible observing-room to some more available and suitable position ; and in 1827, when Count A. Kouchelev-Besborodko offered them a gift of three dessiatines of land to the north-west of St. Petersburg, and M. Parrot, the first successful ascender of Mount Ararat, and a professor of natural philosophy, drew up a plan for an observatory building to be erected there, on the ~~Count's~~ land,—it seemed as if something was really going to be accomplished. But no ; the accumulated heap of intentions only continued to smoke and heat ; for the genius requisite to make them burst into flame was still to appear.

Now it so happened that in 1830, W. von Struve, then astronomer at Dorpat, had made a scientific journey through Europe, and visiting the capital on his return, had the honour of an audience from the Emperor Nicholas. The Emperor commanded this meeting, desiring to hear in person the results of such a journey; and though M. Struve does not say anything about it, yet there can be no doubt of the fact, that his quiet and successful labours in his frontier observatory had by this time made him a name in practical astronomy which was above anything that the ranks of the Academy could then show; and his autocratic ruler planned much thereupon. So when M. Struve brought up at last a proposition for some increase being made to the Dorpat Observatory, the Monarch met him by the question, whether it would not be better to have a large observatory near St. Petersburg?

There was a severe contest in M. Struve's mind at the idea of giving up the claims of his beloved *alma mater*, the University of Dorpat; but truth and justice prevailed over predilection, and he not only acknowledged the advantage of a large observatory near the metropolis, but detailed the efforts of the Academy to transplant theirs.

The Tsar listened attentively and approvingly; but when he heard of the proposed Besborodko gift of land, he at once objected to the locality of it, as

being so sandy and marshy that it would be difficult to make firm foundations for the instruments; “besides,” said he, “with the whole city throwing up its smoke close to the south of you, your most important planetary observations would be grievously injured; why not try,” he added, “the hill of Pulkova, further off from St. Petersburg, to the south of it, and with unusually firm soil?”

As it seemed that the Monarch knew the ground better than the stranger Professor from Dorpat, the latter was sent to examine it; but on presently returning and saying that the thing was just as his Majesty had stated, and that Pulkova was the place by all means for a new Observatory,—“Ah,” said the Tsar, “do you not say so because I mentioned Pulkova to you? Now go back and look all round St. Petersburg, and in particular examine such and such places,” which he spoke of by name. But the Professor returned once more with the statement that these places had each of them sundry advantages peculiar to themselves, but none of them united so many as the hill of Pulkova.

So thereupon it was determined that at Pulkova should be built a new Observatory, which should not only fulfil all the purposes that the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg had cherished in hope during seventy years, but should vastly exceed them. Thus the Academy's general plan was indeed taken

up; and M. Struve being now added to their number, a commission of five members was appointed to enter immediately into the projected working details; and, as before long it became evident that the "administration" of such an Observatory must be in the hands of a single man, and he an Academician, M. Struve was unanimously appointed to that position.

Thus closed his career as Professor at Dorpat, where he had continued to labour, from the year 1816, unceasingly for the advantages of the University, and the promotion of astronomical science; himself no doubt making this occasion, which led those in power to consider that the opportune moment had arrived at last, for making a new epoch in the history of Practical Astronomy in Russia; and thus too did a new career of more extended influence as well as usefulness open before him.

No time was now lost. In October, 1833, the Tsar gave his formal orders, and on the 28th of that month empowered a hundred thousand rubles to be drawn as a beginning, towards the expense of instruments and building.

Backed up in this manner, M. Struve had little difficulty in setting on foot all those ideas of improvement which twenty-five years' experience in an observatory had brought prominently before him. In place of exhibiting the so frequent example of an

astronomer consenting to receive whatever sort of instrument the optician chooses to make, and obtaining one, therefore, more suited to facility of manufacture than high accuracy of observation,—the Imperial Astronomer now sent in his instructions to the opticians for what he wanted and must have, to carry out certain astronomical problems of his own, of which they did not necessarily know anything. Not that he acted in an imperious manner towards them, for he visited them kindly in their several workshops in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Paris, and London, and rather consulted with them over what was to be done; but not a detail, even to a single screw, was allowed to be constructed until approved of by him, who was to be responsible for the accuracy of the future results of the instrument; while to ensure the performance of all these intentions, not only was a mechanician of the embryo Observatory left at Munich, to report on the progress of the work there from month to month, but M. Struve appointed a day whereon he would revisit each establishment, on the instruments being finished, and see that his wishes had been duly carried out.

Meanwhile in St. Petersburg came on the great tug of war as to the architecture of the building. When one hundred thousand rubles appeared as a key-note for the undertaking, some of your grand

architects, who live only on the erection of palaces, made a stoop upon the prey, and finally two in particular became competitors, and sent in rival designs. The first was in a gothic style, purely ornamental, and commanded general praise amongst the many who were not astronomers, as being such an effective building ; but the second, by M. Bruloff, was of a comparatively bald external look, and took the fancy of few. Nevertheless, when M. Struve pointed out to the Emperor how this architect had subordinated his designs to the astronomical purposes of the building, M. Bruloff was rewarded at once with the charge of carrying it out, always under due supervision of the Academy's Commission, and above all, the Director elect.

Under these auspices, the foundation-stone was formally laid, on July 3rd, 1835 ; the architect's estimate having then reached 1,755,000 paper rubles, and the price of the instruments 270,000. The names, from this time, of M. d'Ouvaroff, Minister of Public Instruction ; Prince Dondoukov Korsakov, Vice-President of the Academy ; and Admiral Greig, President of the Commission, became frequent in the history of the transactions ; while the architect, M. Bruloff, took all responsibility for the mechanical excellence of the erections, and the mind of Struve regulated the whole.

Firmness of the foundations was with him a lead-

ing necessity ; and the subterraneans of the Observatory became its most important feature. Not imposing externally, but, as we found on our visit, of strange effect at times ; for occasionally half-a-dozen soldiers would vanish from view, as if they had sunk into the earth, or piles of stores would appear on the ground, where brought from we could not imagine ; but they had all come through a little door under a flight of steps, and that door was the entrance to these underground works of the Observatory. For excess of firmness, some of the instrument-piers, in solid masonry, were made to descend 30 feet below the floor, and formed masses 40 feet long, 15 broad, and 35 high.

What could stir such ponderous bulks? The violent temperature changes of Russian climate, would certainly, M. Struve thought, unless specially counteracted ; therefore did he carry down the foundation of the external walls of the building almost equally low, and in half of the annular or passage space between the piers and surrounding walls, he arranged a method of flues so communicating with certain Russian stoves, that the included air, and therefore these said instrument-piers contained within such air, was preserved all the year through at a nearly constant temperature, though the outside walls were either roasted in the sun, or almost rent by frost.

These parts finished, came the building of the observing-rooms, and then above their level the equatorial-towers and revolving domes. These latter are usually such specialities of an observatory that the astronomer has in most cases to manage them for himself, with very little help from an architect; and amongst the great number of variations which have been produced on this theme in various observatories, we must allow M. Struve's variety a most distinguished place; for it excels in solidity, facility of movement in the way you want it, and in convenient, anti-gust-of-wind openings for the telescope.

In the case of the largest Pulkova dome, 33 feet in diameter, its weight amounts to 36,000 lbs.; not easily shaken therefore; yet capable, on one person making 59 turns of a crank handle, of being in a minute revolved half round, or through  $180^{\circ}$ ; and more is never wanted on any one occasion, as the sky-shutters open continually from one horizon to the other, in equal breadth all the way. This ease of rotation depends mainly on the enormous weight being supported on the rims of a circle of true friction-wheels, and these on a circular railway accurately levelled and turned true in position, after having been well tested as to firmness of foundation. Then the opening, or observing shutters in the roof, are not only broad, so as to allow freedom to exchanges



of air inside and out, but they have another advantage not often secured. What trouble, for instance, have we not seen some astronomico-mechanical inventors give themselves, to make the shutters of their domes slide back smooth with, or close underneath, the outer surface of the roof! "Oh! but if you do not accomplish that," say they, "and if, on the contrary, you raise the shutters on a hinge, the wind acts on that like a float-board on a horizontal windmill, and keeps turning your dome about when you don't want it."

"Then," would say M. Struve, "make your shutters extend equally along on either side of the centre, and there will be no tendency to turn the dome about, blow the wind never so strong; while you will moreover always have this inestimable practical advantage in a raised line of shutter, viz. that by turning it towards the wind, the opening you are then observing through is lying under the lee of that defence, and the wind will not come dashing in and shaking the telescope, as it does miserably with the sliding shutter-openings contrived in some places with so much difficulty."

When this elevated part of the Observatory had been completed, the opening of the establishment for regular work, you may be sure, was nigh at hand. This was indeed the case, and the ceremonial inauguration took place on the 19th of August, 1839.

A few days after came the Empress and Grand-Duchess Olga to behold the greatest astronomical work of the time ; and finally, on the 8th of October, it was announced that the august founder of the Observatory, the Emperor Nicholas, was to come and inspect. On that day accordingly he arrived, with the Duke of Leuchtenberg and Staff, and during two hours and a half, not only did he examine the instruments and observing-rooms, but descended into the subterraneans to satisfy himself of the measures taken for the solidity and invariability of the bases ; ascended to the roofs ; inspected minutely the quarters prepared for the astronomers and their assistants, in all, including women and children, a hundred and three persons, and then he turned round and said—

## CHAPTER IV.

## OBSERVATIONS ATTEMPTED.

September.

WHAT the Tsar Nicholas Paulovitch said on the completion of the Pulkova establishment, was evidently one of the circumstances in his life which M. von Struve, as a loyal Russian noble and an ardent astronomer, loved much to dwell upon.

Within little more than six years, and in a new locality, an observatory had been completed in a manner that surpassed the growth of ages in other countries ; and while these successful exertions had been made to attain expedition and extent, not a fraction had been yielded as to minute accuracy or the most refined rectification. Well therefore might the Tsar compliment M. d'Ouvaroff on such an undertaking having been both conceived and carried out during his term of the Ministry of Public Instruction ; and deservedly might the Tsar, when M. d'Ouvaroff brought the really efficient working-men

before him, present to Admiral Greig a portrait enriched with diamonds, to Prince Dondoukov Korsakov the decoration of the Order of St. Anne, and to the Director of the Observatory, M. von Struve, the Order of St. Stanislaus, besides giving "gratifications" of ten thousand rubles to the Secretary of the Academy, the Architect, and the Director.

But these things, charming though they might be, were not those which most impressed M. von Struve ; for he more delighted to relate how in conclusion the Emperor said to him, that though everything which had been prepared for the Observatory had now been so accurately and completely carried out, that they could none of them then think of anything more that was required to perfect its observation-power,—yet he knew only too well that there existed no such thing as finality in science ; what was sensibly perfect to one age, proved lamentably insufficient in the next ; and they could not expect even Pulkova to be free from those laws of nature and progress, however admirable it might appear just now. They must therefore look forward to the time when the advance of science and improvement of many mechanical arts should have rendered obsolete the present forms of instruments, and arrange for keeping up the efficiency of the Observatory even then ; and should its Director in such a contingency have any difficulty in carrying out those future improvements with the

great officers of Government for the time being, he had leave given him now, to go straight to the Tsar without any intermediary. As long as it was a question, said the Tsar, of keeping up astronomical Pulkova to the full advance of the science of the time, that should be a talisman that never should fail in admitting the Director of the Observatory to the private audience of his Sovereign.

“What a misfortune that you have lost so liberal-minded and far-seeing an Emperor!” we could not help ejaculating.

“Indeed we do grieve over his untimely decease,” was the reply, “and yet, in a manner he still lives; for even to this day all his various precepts and maxims are regarded by his successor, the Court, and the Government, with a fond regard almost amounting to veneration. But a high appreciation of astronomy seems inherent in the Romanov race. It culminated as eminently in Peter the Great as in our late Nicholas; and though the former when in England was chiefly occupied with very different matters of more immediate practical bearing to the general good of his people, yet he found time to visit the Government Observatory; for has not old Flamsteed written, under date of the 6th February, 1698: ‘Serenissimus Petrus Moscoviæ Czarus observatorium primum visum venit, lustratisque instrumentis habitu privato abiit. Aderant secum Bruceus, paren-

tibus Scotis Moscoviæ natus, Legatus Militaris ; J. Wolfius et Stilcus mercatores Angli.’ And again, under date of the 8th March, after the entry of the observation of Venus at the mural quadrant, an observation complete in right ascension as well as zenith distance, is inscribed, ‘*Observanti Serenissimo Petro Muscoviæ Czaro ;*’ which proves that not only had the Tsar looked at the planet through the telescope, but that he had actually and effectively made a true astronomical observation of place.”

“Have you ever had yet to make use of that license of going from the Minister direct to the Emperor?” asked one who was present.

“It is a license,” returned another, “which, though we possess it securely, we are careful not to use too often. It would be unjust to the other seventy millions of people who are ruled by the Tsar, to occupy his attention too frequently with the concerns of a very small section of his subjects. We prefer therefore to try to persuade, and even to spend much time in trying to persuade, the Ministers. They, poor men ! are not altogether to blame when they make a difficulty in advancing funds to carry out some important scientific proceeding ; for what are they put into their offices for, except to economize the money of the nation ? And as they are, like most of your Ministers too, not scientific men, though often literary and fine-art inclined, they judge of

scientific things merely by the £. s. d. of the accounts ; so when they see an increase of expense under any one head, they oppose it because it is an increase ; and are even in a manner bound to do so, and to make a fight before they let it pass, lest they should be supposed among mere state-officials to be lukewarm in the service.

“ Then again our Government here in St. Petersburg, has such a tendency to look westward and imitate how they manage these things in London or Paris, in place of judging of them on their own absolute merits amongst ourselves. So when they turn to you and find an astronomer’s rate of Government pay only one-tenth, possibly no more than one-fifteenth, of a successful lawyer’s, *i. e.* a legal officer under Government, why they think it their duty to starve and pinch in the former until they have made here also one lawyer in his rate of salary equal to fifteen astronomers ; though perhaps in the college competitive examinations the lawyer did not quite come up to one of the astronomers : and then, when once the astronomer is down in their books as a low-paid official, not only he, but the science he belongs to, and the Government observatory he works in, are all considered fair game to be cut down and reduced still further.

“ Great is science, but she does not always prevail ; and modern science has many hard battles to fight.

‘Science and Literature,’ is the popular cry, ‘they are twin sisters.’ And then it is urged, if literary men support themselves,—and see how famously they do so, for our chief novel-writers make large fortunes,—why should science be calling out for state assistance? Now if, to one who sets himself up as a judge, there is no difference perceptible between a novelist and metaphysician in literature, neither will there be, in his eyes, any between abstract science and applied, widely as they may be separated in nature and fact. A glorious state of independence must be that philosopher’s who pursues his studies without having to furnish himself with any instruments much more expensive than pens, ink, and paper; but how are the courses of the stars to be ascertained with such materials only? The idea is evidently futile, and from the time of the Chaldean observers on the temple of Belus to our own days, the apparatus of astronomy has been beyond the means of any private simple man of science. Directly or indirectly the government of every country has had to intervene to keep alive the sacred flame of progress, and promote a continual advance and increase of acquaintance with the laws of the universe among the sons of men.

“The records of that science too,” added M. von Struve, “do show that it has had magnificent patrons from time to time; and more we cannot



well expect, for a really capable, intelligent, and liberal patron, *i. e.* a truly great patron, appears just as seldom in a hundred years, as a really great philosopher. What then shall we do, or how shall we contrive to cross these broad gulfs which exist between the appearance of one Augustan Mæcenas and his next similar representative? Not certainly besiege the palace doors with too often repeated reminders of the great man who is gone. No; we must accept those now proved political facts, that science cannot be always at the top of the wheel, in a busy, working nation. In a community where all others are toiling for their daily bread, or their national existence, another cannot be allowed to stand completely apart, unaffected by the general anxieties. The scientific man working in science is no doubt working for his country's glory; but unless at times he is also found descending from his practically utopian abstractions, and taking part in the burden of other men, those other men, who form the bulk of the nation, will never look upon him as a true patriot.

“There are times when a nation, tired of war's alarms, and satisfied with the abundance that peace produces and pours into her bosom, may be delighted to honour some special *savant* and place him in a position where he may be enabled to think of nothing else than entertaining them with his refined discoveries; but it would be a great mistake in a long

line of such *savants*, were they to fancy that generation after generation, though they sit on their hill of science and charm never so wisely, they will still be able with universal approval to preserve that former life of freedom from worldly troubles. For, sure and certain is it, that ever and anon men's worser nature will break forth ; wars are kindled between nations who it was thought had thrown away the sword far from them ; and internal dissensions or the growth of an external despotic power may peril the safety of the Fatherland, and call for the services of each one of our children. It is not safe therefore for any scientific man to forget the country that he belongs to, or the duties which that connection devolves upon him. He should on the contrary be eminently patriotic and filled with ideas of loyalty, and ought likewise to do something almost daily in his country's service if he would daily be regarded by her with favour in his own line.

“ On this principle it is that I ” (M. von Struve) “ have desired that our Russian astronomers, and especially this Pulkova establishment, should identify itself with some of the duties required to be performed to maintain the efficiency of the ordinary Government of the land. Our progress in science is perhaps thereby rather slower, as part of our time is abstracted from high astronomical questions ; but it is rendered, I hope and believe, all the securer

in the long run. For when it is at Pulkova that the officers of the General Staff and Topographical Corps are educated in the higher geodesy, and there also that questions of surveying are settled in mapping the country alike for taxation and railways, canals and agricultural improvements,—no Government of the time can ever allow our Pulkova to fall into a state of inefficiency; neither will the astronomers there ever forget the traditions of their race, or the perfect and abiding loyalty which is the distinguishing characteristic of a true Russian.”

On another occasion, for we remained guests of the venerable Director for several days, he again kindly set forth to us how the connection between the astronomers and the surveyors of Russia was no new idea; but had been originated by Peter Veliki, and had been carried on very perseveringly by the Academy of Sciences from its foundation in 1724, up to the era of the birth of Pulkova; when all the Academy’s labours in that line were handed over to the new establishment.

The accomplished series is most honourable to the old Society, who for upwards of a century had organized yearly journeys of some one or other of their members with this view, and in the course of them had travelled over the burning plains of the South, undeterred by the death or capture of their parties

by nomade tribes or rebellious chiefs,—and reached also far under the frozen circle in the North and East, fixing the latitudes and longitudes of important sites by pure astronomical observations. These adventurous journeys are by no means concluded, and while we were yet at Pulkova, an astronomer reported himself there, returned from a three-years' journey in Eastern Siberia. In the course of that time he had travelled in every conceivable manner, with horses or oxen, reindeer or dogs, and his instruments had been necessarily of a very portable character. The longitude chiefly depended on lunar distances measured with a Pistor and Martin's reflecting-circle, and now that the observer was safely returned, he was going to compute two hundred places of the moon, direct from Hansen's new and improved tables of the motions of that luminary, in order that he might reduce his observed distances in the most accurate possible manner.

In regions nearer to the central Observatory, as already related in Volume I., chronometric loops are adopted for longitude; and in an existing great levelling operation carrying all across Russia, and with such accuracy that its maximum error in the middle of the continent is thought not to be above four inches, similar loops of levels are taken. These and also the trigonometric operations require the observer often to be for long periods under canvas,

and we were interested to hear, that a curiosity with which we had intended to burden ourselves had we made much of an open-air expedition into the country, was really a proper accompaniment, and had been actually used with advantage by M. Struve himself, when surveying in Finland: *i. e.* a portable lightning-conductor. It was composed of twisted iron wire, was sixty-feet in length, thirty pounds in weight, and armed at the extremity with a copper rod pointed and tipped with exactly one guinea's-worth of gold. In use, one end of the conductor was erected on a pole near the tent, and the other carried away to a distance and there covered with wet sods. Many a time it is supposed to have carried off a charge of electric fluid, and one day in particular, a potent flash; for the copper rod was bent and crumpled up after a very curious fashion; and it is only a too frequent accident in Russia to hear of dozens of agricultural labourers being struck dead in the open field by lightning. No wonder then that in a former heathen age, they had a god "Perune," who presided over thunder and lightning, and of whom they stood exceedingly in awe.

On the night of the 17th September, an interesting observation, or rather series of observations, was to be made at Pulkova; it consisted in the occultation by the moon of that group of stars which forms the Pleiades, and its observation had been particularly

requested by the United States of America's Coast Survey Department, for longitude purposes. Had the poor Atlantic telegraph lasted a little longer, it would have offered incomparably the best method for measuring the longitude distance from Europe to America ; and had it even entered into the heads of the directors to be prepared, the moment the line was stretched, to compare two astronomical clocks on either side of the ocean, instead of sending a message which to thinking Christians, however well meant, yet must be considered to savour sadly of blasphemy,—then the question of the longitude of America would have been settled to a degree of accuracy that would have sufficed for the progress of science during several generations to come.

But when that precious period of the telegraph's activity passed away unused for geography, and the line was presently declared mute, the Americans had to fall back on the immensely more laborious and far less precise methods of lunar observation. They performed their part, though, admirably ; for as there was to be a series of monthly or bi-monthly occultations of the Pleiades during a year or two to come, they not only arranged to observe them themselves, but requested every European observatory of note to record them also ; while to facilitate the work to each of such observatories, they sent them an approximately computed diagram of each occultation

as it would appear there. The labour of computation in these diagrams must have been immense, and they deserved a more extended success than we believe they have attained. At Pulkova, at all events, as it had been at Edinburgh, one of these important occultations had passed away after another with the almost invariable accompaniment of a cloudy sky; but now, on the 17th of September of 1859, the sun set at last in a clear expanse, and towards ten o'clock P.M. the observations were to begin.

Under the superintendence of M. Döllén, one of the very able assistant astronomers, all the elements of the eclipse had been recomputed by some of the young officers of the General Staff, and each observer was now furnished with a list of the expected time and angle of each star's *immersion* at the moon's bright, and *emersion* at her dark limb, to guide his proceedings. The observers were in number a veritable host; we had never seen anything like so many before to observe an occultation; but they did not interfere with or influence each other; for they were distributed about separately among the different domes, or amongst the plots of shrubs in the garden, each man with a telescope, chronometer, lamp, pencil, and paper, all to himself; monarch for the time of everything he surveyed.

From the particular position assigned to ourselves, we had a splendid view of the sublimely flat Russian

land that stretched away illimitably towards the north-east, and on whose horizon the moon in her third quarter, and with high northern declination had recently risen and was sweeping obliquely along. The air was rather cold, thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, but calm ; and the sky clear ; so surely we were going to get the immersion and emersion of every star in that classical cluster down at least to the eighth magnitude. As the moon drew near to the first of them, it was distressing to observe in the telescope how bad was the optical "definition." The telescope itself seemed indeed a very good one, but the atmosphere through which it looked was in a most unastronomical state, making the edge of the moon and the entire stars waver and tremble in most perplexing style. But then we comforted ourselves that the moon was rising higher and higher in the heavens as time rolled on, and so the atmospheric imperfections should rapidly decrease.

Closer and closer came the big limb of the moon to the poor little star ; and as it was the bright limb, the star seemed, as it always will do under such circumstances, to pale its ineffectual fire, and to decrease in size, until it was the smallest conceivable point, just separated from the moon ; then the most minute excrescence upon the limb, and the next instant it was gone ; but then immediately after that it seemed to appear again for a moment ; and there



was no being perfectly sure, for the optical disturbance of the moon's edge was such as apparently to break it up into streams of light which ran rapidly round her circumference in a luminous ripple.

Next, after just so many minutes and seconds very nearly as computed, the moon's bright limb came close to the second star. "Oh! why will you grow so very small and difficult to see, wretched little star," we mentally ejaculated, "just when we want to see you clear and distinct! You'll be bright enough by-and-by when you emerge from behind the darkened limb." But the star went on becoming apparently smaller, and the moon's limb boiling more violently as the distance between them decreased; until just about at the instant when the star must have vanished behind the lunar edge, the latter's mere undulations and optical tremors flashed up into apparent flames of light, that defied all attempts at reduction to accuracy.

"Oh! what a bad observation I have made! but the next will be better." Alas! before the turn of the next star arrived, first came one little cloud, and then another fastened itself on to that, and another and another; they thickened over each other too, until they had attained a density that quite extinguished the moon, and they spread out until they actually covered the whole sky, all in the course of a few minutes, and then remained masters of the situation.

For some time we were left alone in the dark air ; but presently a Russian officer, who had been all the time with his telescope behind some bushes close to us without our knowing it, came out of his concealment and began to compare notes ; only two stars observed and those so badly ; then came another from a similar shelter on another side, and the definition had been with him really horrible ; and then came the astronomers out of the Observatory, where large telescopes and small had all told the same story : the “ flames,” as some one called them, on the moon’s limb, were “ half a minute long ;” “ and who could observe an occultation of a small star accurately at such an edge ? ” No one had ever before seen such abominable definition ! What was the meaning of it too, for the air about us was calm and quiet. “ Ay,” said they, “ but it is very cold, and depend upon it something remarkable is coming.”

Next morning was cloudy, windy, and amazingly sharp ; the thermometer down to  $34\cdot0^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit ; and when I tried to speak, my voice was gone, effect of exposure the previous night, added to the remains of that severe colding received from the Russian north-east wind at Moskva. But there was one of the Pulkova astronomers rather worse, and they all tried to comfort me, by saying that these things were very frequent in Russia at that season of the

year ; the autumn being far more severely felt than the winter ; and last year about this time one of the speakers was with a party of officers in a room where the window was incautiously opened, and in half an hour they had every one of them lost their voices.

“ But then they soon recovered them again,” the speaker added, “ and had no more trouble afterwards that year ; for is not winter the true period of Russian enjoyment ? Then it is that we begin to light our stoves, and make our houses impregnable, fortresses against the cold without ; and whereas in a southern land, man trusts to the weather, and therefore sometimes has a warm pleasant day, and sometimes a wet and very disagreeable one ; in Russia, where man’s winter comfort depends on his own exertions and careful arrangements, the uncertainty of nature is avoided, and it rests with himself alone, whether he is to be comfortable every day through the whole of the season.

While our friends were kindly having the stoves lighted in our rooms, my wife and self ventured, in the middle of the day, on a short walk. The Observatory is situated geologically just at the lower edge of the Devonian strata ; and a very little way beyond it, you come on the upper Silurian ; where, in a stiff green clay, along with granite boulders of all sizes, *trilobites* are occasionally found. So away

we must go to search for them. The course was towards the north-east, the wind was from that quarter too, and oh ! it was such a virulent example. It pierced through garments, and its cold penetrated to the bones ; and though we tried to walk along under the lee of anything that could give the least shelter, we feared to be frozen nevertheless. Yet there was no sign of water freezing, it was simply a specimen of the out and out character of a north-east wind in Russia. In Scotland a wind from that quarter is bad enough, and demonstrates itself by various qualities, to be, as indeed it is, the return atmospheric current of the air from the Polar regions ; and if it is therefore still so eminently severe a blast, although much tempered by blowing over broad seas before reaching the Scottish coast,—only think what the same wind must be near St. Petersburg, when it blows in there, straight and at once from the very regions near Nova Zembla and the Samoyede frozen plains without a particle of modifying ocean surface between !

We had hardly regained the Observatory, before a strange whiteness appeared in the wind's eye ; and suddenly all the air was filled with falling snow ; genuine snow on September 18th, the 6th of Russian reckoning ! Merrily danced the flakes as if congratulating each other on having arrived safely in their beloved land, and then having shaken hands

together, they rushed round the corners of every building in torrents and whirlwinds of groups to revisit their ancient haunts. Gradually the wind lulled, and then the fall of snow became more steady.

The thermometer sank to 31° Fahrenheit, and the snow kept on falling all that evening, so that towards midnight, when we looked forth to see the state of things,—there was all the garden, late so green, now white, white; and the dark figure of a watchman-soldier pacing his weary round through the monotone snow, appeared the only living object.

## CHAPTER V.

## ILLUMINATION'S DAY.

September.

“OH! do not fear that you will be caught by our frosts before leaving Russia,” the kindly Struve family urged upon us; “it is altogether unusual to have snow so soon in September; this fall cannot last long, and you will in a very short time have fine weather again. It is far too early for winter to begin, even our little winter; and as for the great winter, that seldom appears before the end of the year.” This was all very pleasant to learn; yet as we had fixed previously to return this afternoon to St. Petersburg, our arrangements went on; and somehow we fancied at the time that it must be well for our hosts to be relieved for a while of strangers to entertain, for the households were evidently all taken by surprise at such an early arrival of snow; in whose train bustle and change extraordinary became the order of the day. Insertion of

double windows had already been begun for some time, slowly and methodically, whenever a man could be spared from other work ; but now every available hand was instantly set upon completing this most necessary part of Russian domestic economy ; and the wonderful subterraneans of the Observatory were made to disgorge heaps and heaps of window-sashes, that were immediately piled up, one over the other, six feet high, in the snowy garden ; or were carried away separately to each special window that was still to be reduplicated.

But the soldiers by whom all this was being performed, how altered their mien ! Hardly three weeks ago they were scarcely to be recognized as military, by deviating just as much, though on the opposite side, from the normal soldier ; for then you might see them snatching<sup>“</sup> a mid-day sleep in the shade of one of the big bushes of red-berried elder, in all the breezy freedom of an outside tunicked shirt and baggy light breeches stuffed just under the knee into very stylish-looking boots ; but now everything else, even the long grey coats of their duty-costume had disappeared under strange-looking garments, viz. huge, stiff, greasy, bulgy, sheepskin surtouts, with the wool inside, while similar head-pieces replaced their former little flat regimental cloth-caps.

The superiors of the establishment were likewise

looking out their furs, costly some of them to a degree, but all worn fur inside ; no idle display outside that they had real sable, or Siberian fox, squirrel, wolf-skin, or bear ; for on a windy day that would have been a positive waste of caloric and anti-caloric resisting medium, the blast blowing up then to the very roots of the hair, and so coming into too close proximity with the limbs of the wearer. But outside they showed a surface, accordingly as lady or gentleman was in the case, of thick silk, or velvet, or strong cloth ; and inside, known only to themselves, the untold comfort of thick and heavy natural fur, to which our manufacturers have never produced any practical approach.

Madame von Struve was kind enough also to take my wife to see her "cave," as such places are generally named in English in this part of Russia, and are really, after all, very prosaic and quite artificial accompaniments to every house ; being little else than cellars, but cellars for everything that a household will be in need of in the eating way during a long Russian winter, *i.e.* half the year at least ; and those magnificent subterraneans of the Observatory, prepared for quite another purpose, subserved the domestic economy admirably and without interfering with their original destination. Right underneath, therefore, the princely and thick-walled office-room of the Director of the Observatory, her lord and



master,—and that room, it will be remembered, forms the lower part of the tower of one of the equatorials,—was Madame Struve's "cave," grand, broad, and lofty, dry, and of equal temperature. And stored already with such an amount of various produce, that we thought what an excellent country this must be for young ladies to learn the art of housekeeping in, on a large scale, with business methods, foresight, arrangement, and organization; for one who had been able to keep the family in any way supplied through a six-months Muscovian winter, would never find the smallest difficulty in managing for any number in another country; and we do wonder what Napoleon Bonaparte could ever have been thinking about, to lead 500,000 men into Russia, without making more preparations than he did for their winter subsistence.

On arriving that day in St. Petersburg, oh! the change of costume everywhere apparent; furs predominant, but known to be such only at the edges, or by the tanned hide outside. The long blue kaptans of the droshky drivers were now pretty generally exchanged for sheepskin coats; and on their hands they had such gloves, of sheepskin also, made in mitt fashion as to four fingers being together, and conspicuous also by the gauntlet wristbands of sheepskin with the wool on, that extended halfway up to the elbow. Then, on reaching our hotel, there

was the same activity prevalent as at the Observatory. Double windows were being brought out from "caves," where they had lain stored up all the summer, and were being knocked and cemented into their places, much to the alarm of the fat, overgrown tom-cats that had been in the habit of basking there for so many weeks past, utilizing to the utmost the short summer sunshine; and to the consternation of the modest doves who hovered about in astonished pairs and broken flocks.

Here though, both in the house and in the snow-sloppy court, there was another element of confusion, for officers of every grade in both horse and foot, army, navy, and civil service, were pouring in and demanding lodgment accommodation. Five minutes later and we ourselves should have been without a room to retreat to. The expensive apartments in the street-front of the house, equally with the dingiest hole in the *entresol*, or the back room at the end of the longest and most aromatic-of-cats passages, or the highest attic next the drying loft, were all equally taken.

The reason of this gathering was, that next day, September  $\frac{12}{20}$ , was the coming of age of Nicholas Alexandrovitch, the heir-apparent to the Russian throne; a grand fête was therefore expected to take place at the Palace, and wild talk was being indulged in as to what would be the nature of the

“ukase,” which every one had heard was to be published that morning by the Emperor, but no one knew precisely for what object.

Many thought it would refer to the freedom of the serfs ; but that opinion was no sooner broached than it was malevolently met with the remark, that the Emperor Alexander had been making a vast deal too much talk about what he was going to do for the said serfs. Why did he not follow the wise course of his father Nicholas ?—he went on freeing the serfs gradually, without making any fuss about it, and had actually by the time of his death freed forty millions, leaving only twelve millions still to be freed ; and now, just about freeing that small residual number there is such an agitating turmoil being kept up that the empire is disturbed from one end to the other.

“ Surely, my friend, you must be in error,” said another speaker ; “ Nicholas free forty millions of serfs ! why there were not so many in his whole dominions ; and if he had freed even a tenth part of that number, don’t you suppose we all should and must have heard of it. The freeing of the serfs has still to come, and it is too momentous a question to be settled in a morning by a mere stroke of the pen ; but what I believe may be coming is, an order to prevent the trahtiers selling brandy. You can’t think how the people are being demoralized by the

facility for getting strong drink at the houses where they should only be furnished with tea. Some of them will complain, no doubt, but all the mass of steady-going people in the nation will be delighted at such an exercise of autocratic power, and the drunkards will be thankful for it in the end."

Neither did this speaker command the consent of all, and even next morning opinions were still quite various as to what the subject of the "ukase" would be found to be ; but the whole city was early and unanimously in a ferment of motion trooping down to the Winter Palace to see. Our Celtic alarmist was of course in his element, and "winnowed all the air with frightful phantasies;" he was quite sure that something extraordinary and dire was going to happen ; disaffection had been shown by the troops, and a bad feeling towards the Emperor amongst the college cadets ; while the serfs were tired of waiting so long for their freedom. Government was very uneasy and were taking extraordinary precautions. We, our humble selves, he considerably cautioned us had better be very particular about our behaviour that day, for we might be very sure that there were police spies dogging our footsteps, and listening to every word ; and if anything was seen that could be construed into a coolness towards the reigning family, we should find ourselves arrested by those inscrutable myrmidons

and conveyed inside doors whence no complaint is ever known to issue. Yet notwithstanding all these terrors of secret agents, he was going to establish himself in a little nook that he knew of, quite close to the chief entrance-door of the Palace, where he could see the face of every one who entered and judge by its expression, he flattered himself, how much treason might there be lurking.

About 11.30 A.M. we, innocent strangers, made across the "plain of St. Izak," and with some difficulty into the Admiralty Boulevard, working up that towards the western front of the Winter Palace, where the largest numbers of people were assembled. The crowd had representatives of all classes; under the trees now nearly leafless were nurses and children, the former displaying proudly their national head-dress, the *pavonik* in green or rose-pink and gold, with bordering of pearls; and clothed about over all their other garments with the graceful *saraphan*, or the warm silk and fur cloak called affectionately "a soul-warmer."

But the great mass of the numbers present was undoubtedly composed of country peasants, or mouzhiks; they were by no means all of them necessarily agricultural, but they were decidedly regular Russians, bearded, solemn, and dressed in sheepskin. Not sheepskins, for that would imply the same bulky shapeless masses that Italian shepherds

exhibit, with a black hairy jumble of a cloak hung loosely about them ; while these Russians on the contrary, almost invariably show you a smooth-surfaced and shapely manufactured article. They are evidently great connoisseurs in the matter, and have first of all a difficulty in being pleased with the proper tanning and preparation of any foreign furs, for the best even from England and France they invariably re-tan before employing, and then they make them up into their own fashions ; *i.e.* the peasants do, and wear them hide outwards in the form of rather dandified surtouts, fitting close about the waist, and with well-shaped skirts, not too long to prevent the manly-looking boots which reach up to the knees being well seen. When near by, no doubt the arms of such coats seemed bulgy, and by dint of the thick wool inside, formed a broad sort of crease and rounded fold unknown to painters of Western drapery ; but at a little distance there could not have been a nobler or more effective style of dress altogether, than the caps, sheepskin-coats, and jack-boots of the humblest of these Northern peasants.

Some strangely old men too appeared amongst them, with eminently characteristic countenances, hair generally white as snow, and eyes and lips that kept their own counsel against all the world, but yet had nothing uneasy about them. These are the elders of the men who form the great bulk of

the Russian race, and constitute the backbone of its nationality ; the *tchornaya ludi*, which some translate literally black people, others dirty or unwashed, and others still as dark ; because their life of exposure to severe weather darkens the countenance ; but we would rather say “ dark,” because they form a human ocean of impenetrable depth, into whose mysterious recesses the vision even of their own statesmen has seldom been able to penetrate far. The Government, with all its civil and military legions, merely forms a thin stratum of fresh water spread out over the heavier saline depths of this dark, dark people. Wherever you break through the flavourless streams of that most superficial crust, you come on one and the same identical mass below, composed of millions and millions who from one end to the other of their vast empire speak grammatically the same language, and share amongst themselves the same ideas and the same tactics of a mighty reserve ; looking on calmly and inscrutably, and storing their energies—while the Westward imitating upper classes are exhausting theirs, in playing all sorts of copied antics before high heaven.

Often and often both Tsar and Ministers of State stop short in the middle of some imitative piece of legislation, and ask each other, not their too frequent question, what will England and France think of this ? but what will the *Starovertsi*, or the Old Be-

lievers, amongst themselves, think of it and them too. And then many a recreant government officer, who has long since forgotten all the traditions of his race, looks into those deep dark waters of the national spirit, and hears ominous forebodings from "ancestral voices prophesying war;" for he knows what keen observers and intuitive understanders of Slavonic policy these are, noting all his movements, and though they say nothing now, they forget nothing. This people is too generally supposed to be dull and incapable, from what strangers may have seen of them at forced labour ungrateful to their beliefs. But only satisfy their ideas of legitimacy and reach their feelings, which are tender and true, and the world shall see another sight. The Tsar they love and almost adore; but his officers and their ways of going on they are by no means so certain about. This morning however it is an affair of the Tsar and the Tsardom only, so now they, the people, have no doubts at all and are thoroughly enthusiastic and completely joyful.

At the western end of the Winter Palace, where it was expected that at a gaily covered balcony the Imperial family was presently to appear, a large space in front was kept open by troops. There were the cobalt and silver uniforms of the Chevalier guard present, and the almost pure cream-colour of a body-guard organized by the late Nicholas Paulo-



vitch; troops of the line were also drawn up, and while we were still looking, came another regiment, who, with their black-crested helmets and black-green coats faced with red, recalled some of the terrific scenes of hard fighting at Eylau, Friedland, and other well contested fields. Such music as they had too! nothing for ornament, and certainly nothing superfluous! It was an awful din, and seemed to be just two notes,—we speak unmusically—played one and two and two and one, one and two and two and one, and so on *ad infinitum*, or rather we should say for as long as the regiment occupied in taking up its position; but its line was of enormous length, and continually as that most humdrum but severe music beat out its two notes, and two notes, a never-ending line of those grim-looking infantry kept pouring in, the level of their heads rising and falling with their step, and in time to their duotonous band. If in the period of the decadence of the Roman Empire, the weak successors of Constantine reduced many times the numerical strength of a “legion,” hoping with many and small legions to have less dangerous mutinies than with few and powerful ones,—their modern representatives the Tsars, more secure in their subjects’ loyalty, have bent the bow the other way, and made each of their modern regiments of tremendous strength.

Not less notable were the horses of the military,

especially of the officers. They were all good, alike powerful yet refined in their make of limb, and exalted in general aspect ; but there was one animal belonging to an officer on duty near the end of the Dvorzoni bridge, which actually out-Heroded Herod, in the way of a battle steed. He was as black as night except where he had dotted himself with foam-flakes, and his capacious muscles were rising and falling momentarily or alternately in every part of his body ; while, in spite of all the reining-in that could be exerted, he was continually putting one or other foot foremost, and snorting, almost shouting, defiance to the whole assembled army, whose component members he surveyed from one side to the other with his great active piercing eyes, and then his nostrils swelled like trumpet-tubes as he sent through them another loud startling alarm.

What a scene all this would be to get a photograph of ! The sun too was coming out, and on the other side of the Neva, was the Academy's Observatory, where I had been so kindly allowed to establish my camera. Coming underneath it, and seeing that the faithful old servitor and veteran soldier Alexander was out on the upper roof gazing at the Palace fête, we lightly stepped upstairs and got out the apparatus. Before it was quite ready a sudden cheering arose in the wind, the military-kept open space was broken up, and all the hosts of sheep-

skin-dressed mouzhiks ran in a moment right up to the Palace windows. The Emperor and his son it seemed had appeared, and not bearing that their faithful people should be kept so at arm's-length, had dissolved at once the rigid ceremonials of the day, and converted it into a family meeting of the father of the nation with all his dutiful and loving children. Well, this was better still for a photograph, so we focussed the camera, and in three seconds a couple of pictures were obtained, which gave not only the architecture of the Tsar's abode, but the crowd, microscopically minute certainly, of well-booted mouzhiks under his drawing-room windows, as well as others lining all the Neva Quay and the sides of the wooden bridge.

More we might have attempted, but old Alexander was evidently anxious to be off to the Palace too ; so it was a duty with us to pack up and leave him free ; and at a later hour in the day we were rewarded by a Russian family kindly calling for us at our hotel, and taking us in their carriage to the Nevski Prospekt, to see the preparations for the illuminations ; every house garnished with more or less wooden framing arranged in ornamental shapes, and tinted red, green, or white, according to the colour of the intended lamps ; these being little glass cups half filled with good honest Russian tallow and a fibrous wick in the middle. From here

too we were taken to the *Champs-de-Mars*, where the Tsar and his eldest son were supposed to be entertaining all their birth-day-visitors at an immense fair, and at which therefore all the shows, merry-go-rounds, swings, etc. etc., were furnished free.

They were highly applauded and abundantly enjoyed at all events; for the crowd was great and spread like a vast sea over the plain. Close by, it was broken up to us, into individual groups and figures; and amongst several other booths and stages decorated with flags, lamps, and stars was one appropriated to national dances, composite and difficult tasks to an excessive degree. The legs of one man in light blue twinkled in his rapid cutting of Little Russian capers in extraordinary style, contrasting well with the bashful *pas* of a modest young suitor, more than ever bashful when he was surrounded by a bevy of young village damsels, who hand-in-hand, and with their hair plaited in long tails behind their backs, sang Slavonic songs at him with all their might; though they did not leave the victim to final despair either, as his subsequent *pas de deux* with one of their number sufficiently evidenced; but as for the long-bearded old Jew who sought to buy them with his money-bags, he was jeered at by all, and finally tumbled without ceremony over the edge of the stage.

Presently loud cheering announced the Emperor;

and from our elevated site we saw his carriage driving through and through the whole extent of the closely peopled plain : from one corner to the other and back again and round about his carriage and escort seemed to penetrate with the greatest ease and was everywhere followed by a running fire of "ourrahs." Subsequently some of the juveniles of the Imperial family, and without any escort, visited their numerous guests and with similar accompaniment of demonstrations.

About seven o'clock P.M. when it was decidedly dark, the illumination began. Its immense extent was like that of St. Petersburg itself. In the broad Admiralty Square and plain of St. Izak, spaces impossible to fill, we walked freely and admired the various devices along the English Quay, the blue-lights on men-of-war in the Neva, and the colossal decorations of numerous buildings on the further bank ; none appearing to more advantage than the extensive College of Cadets, where they had merely followed the architectural lines of the building with innumerable lamps ; and thus presented a luminous palace, capacious enough to fill the eye at all distances, and in a vastly purer style, than the carpenters' Gothic of intended illumination scenery elsewhere. The same principle was observed at the Admiralty, whose grand tower and effective gateway, looking all up the long Gorokhovaya street,